THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX ... No. 44 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1927.

$1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society o

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Superior to any other green tea sold.

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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Millinery

Many New Hats Arrive

Last minute editions of the mode, in all the inviting colors of the Fall and Winter Season.

Close fitting, off the face, Draped Turbans, Small Brims, Brimless Models developed in Velvet, Felts, Velours and combinations of Satin and Velvet, Satin and Felt, Velvet and Felt.

One's choice is not confined to this broad assortment, either in style or material.

STYLES FOR MATRON AND MISS

$2.25 TO $15.00

HOSIERY

CORSETS AND CORSETTES

A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

Just Arrived

New Fall Imported Suitings

Order Now

See us for New Fall TOP COATS

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

COURT OF REVISION.

Notice is hereby given that a Court will be held, pursuant to the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, by His Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Lennox and Addington, at Bath, on the 20th day of September, 1927, at 2 o'clock p.m., to hear and determine complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the Municipality of the Village of Bath for 1927.

E. P. SHEPHARD,
Clerk of the Municipality of the Village of Bath.

Dated the 12th day of September, 1927.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

SILLSVILLE SCHOOL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 19th.

One quart O.A.C. No. 144 Oats—Willie Graham.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 144 Oats—Willie Graham.

Sheaf of O.A.C. No. 21 Barley—Freda Brooks.

One quart Marquis Wheat—Donald Rough, Arthur Whitfield, Ronald Craven, Leslie Mellow.

Sheaf of Marquis Wheat—Donald Rough, Arthur Whitfield, Leslie Mellow.

Golden Glow Corn—Eleanor Parks, Bernice Holl, Archie Hill, Helen Hogeboom.

Golden Bantam Corn—Jean Hogeboom, Lulu Roberts, Arthur Hill, Daisy Bush, Bernice Laveck, Arthur Whitfield.

Irish Cobbler Potatoes—Milford Creighton, Edna Galt, Laura Sills, Ruth Hudson, Betty Haight, Ronald Craven.

Dooley Potatoes—H. Young, Dorothy Sills, Borden Young, Lulu Roberts, Betty Heathcote, Mary Loyst.

Mangels—Dave Reid, Arthur Whitfield, Harvey Lloyd, Edna Cranston, Helen Hoare, Clara Brown.

Turnips—Peggy Heathcote, Albert Lloyd, Ronald Craven, Donald Hough, Josephine Quaiff, Hattie Allison.

Beets—Harvey Allison, Kathleen Laveck, Florence Morrow, Flossie Tibbutt, Willie Graham, Eleanor Parks.

Carrots—Borden Young, Clarence Parks, Josephine Quaiff, Arthur Whitfield, Evelyn Robin, Florence Morrow.

Parsnips—Harved Allison, C. Parks, Joe Reid, George Day, Fred Punchard.

Onion—Emily Roberts, Margarent Wright, Harry Laveck, Betty Heathcote, Harvey Lloyd, Wild Thing.

Asters—Ward Allison, Carl Haight, Betty Haight, Clara Brown, Winnie Fretts, Betty Heathcote.

Sweet Peas—Lulu Roberts, D. Reid.

Zinnia—Clarence Parks, Dave Reid, Genevieve Tibbutt, Betty Heathcote.

African Marigold — Patricia Sills, Laura McCormick.

Calendula—Eleanor Parks.

Salpiglossis—Dorothy Sills.

French Marigold—Edna Cranston, Margaret Wright.

Coreopsis—Mary Loyst.

Pinks—Wallace Hogeboom.

Five Sweet Apples—Peggy Ham, Josephine Quaiff, Evelyn Robin, Edna Cranston, Catherine Duffett, Borden Young.

Five Wealthy Apples—Ruby Brooks, George Day, Mary Loyst, Betty Haight, Norma Craven, Milford Creighton.

Collection of Apples—Ruby Brooks, Josephine Quaiff, Margaret Wright, Jack Robin, Mary Loyst, Helen Daverne.

Calf, beef breed — Harold Young, Borden Young.

Calf, dairy breed—Edna Cranston, Wallace Hogeboom, Leslie Mellow.

Spring Lamb—Willie Tibbutt, Borden Young, Willie Charters.

Barred Rock Cockerel—Edna Cranston, Laura Sills, Wallace Hogeboom, Mary Loyst.

Pen of Barred Rocks—Wallace Hogeboom, Wilkie Bruce, Edna Cranston, Laura Sills, Mary Loyst Edna Galt.

Bird House—George Day, Arthur Whitfield.

Hammer Handle—Arthur Whitfield, Borden Young, Wallace Ruttan, George Day, Bruce Cuthill, Kenneth Gallagher.

Stool—Borden Young, George Day, Harry Strawbridge, Kenneth Gallagher.

Rope Halter—Borden Young, Edna Cranston, Bruce Cuthill.

Collection of the most harmful weeds—Edna Cranston, Willie Graham, Lulu Roberts, Betty Heathcote.

Wild Flowers—Betty Heathcote.

Collection of cultivated Grasses and Clovers—Ruby Brooks, Edna Cranston, Betty Heathcote, Leslie Mellow.

Cuts of Live Stock — Edna Cranston, George Day, Harry Strawbridge, Florence Morrow, Betty Heathcote, Lillian Graham.

Six Snapshots, mounted—Geo. Day, Catherine Duffett, Betty Heathcote, Edna Cranston, Florence Morrow, Lillian Graham.

Oatmeal Cookies—Betty Allison, Florence Daverne, Peggy Heathcote, Kathleen Lloyd, Freda Brooks, Jean Hogeboom.

Layer Cake, light—B. Heathcote, Norma Craven, Edna Cranston, Daisy Bush.

Layer Cake, dark, Eleanor Reid, Catherine Duffett.

Apple Pie—Josephine Cousins, Eleanor Reid, Betty Allison, Jean Wilt, Laura Sills, Betty Haight.

Candy, maple cream—Josephine Cousins, Eleanor Reid, Ruby Brooks, Irene Ruttan, Eleanor Hudson, Hazel Walker.

Dish Towel, hand hemmed—Evelyn Robin, Mary Loyst, Eleanor Hudson, Patricia Sills, Thora Caswell, Kathleen Hill.

Guest Towel—Edna Cranston.

Kitchen Apron—Betty Heathcote, Gladys Lloyd, Irene Ruttan, Margaret Wright, Edith Fitchett, Betty Haight.

Darning on stocking—Josephine Cousins, Freda Brooks, Hazel Walker, Edna Cranston, Kathleen

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Miss Ward.

Finger Wave Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle..... 75c.
Shampoo..... 50c.
Hair Cut..... 35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

POLICE TO PICK UP DRIVERS WITHOUT LICENSES

LIGHTS ON ALL VEHICLES AND BRAKE REGULATION

Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Highways, will issue instructions immediately to the effect that after Oct. 1 all drivers operating cars without licenses "are to be picked up by the police."

Sale of these licenses began in July. With three months practically elapsed the Highways Department takes the attitude that sucient time in which to secure permits has been afforded Ontario's motoring public. Accordingly from the first of next month on, delinquents will find themselves "up against it."

ALL AFTER DEC. 1.

After Dec. 1, Mr. Henry pointed out, every motorist will have to pass the prescribed departmental examination to secure a permit, regardless of how an experienced a driver he may be.

October 1 appears to be a regular penitentiary day for the department. On that day the "lights on all vehicles" regulation goes into effect. It also marks the last day of grace for owners of four-wheel brakes cars, who are required by law to adorn their machines with distinctive signs in the shape of red triangles.

SAFETY SUGGESTIONS.

The department's "Safety Campaign," which was inaugurated Thursday, is getting into its swing. The committee back of the drive will meet again on Monday next, when suggestions for coping with the increased traffic accidents problem will be presented by the various members.

STELLA.

The Amherst Island Agricultural Society was the original organizer of the first fair held on Amherst Island sixty-five years ago. At that time it was very small ,but it has grown and prospered until now Amherst Island Fair is recognized as one of the best one-day exhibitions in Eastern Ontario.

The Agricultural Society today owns the exhibition grounds, which include about seven acres and considerable money has been spent in levelling it, building a half-mile track and surrounding the grounds with a row of young maple trees which will in later years add greatly to the appearance of the grounds.

Robert J. Marshall, the president, and David H. Filson, the secretary-treasurer and manager are again on deck with the one object in view, that of making Stella Fair bigger and better than ever, and with the assistance and co-operation of the following list of officers and directors it should be an accomplished fact.

1st vice-president, W. A. Scott; 2nd vice-president, W. P. Tugwell; Directors, W. Cochrane, J. E. Bowen, W. Glenn, R. Fleming, S. Miller, D. Caughey, J. Willard, S. Reid, A. G. Hitchins and A. N. Hitchins.

Laveck, Ruby Brooks.

Writing, "The Dandelion."—Kathleen Lloyd, Edna Galt, Helen Trumpour, Mildred Loyst, Harold Kirk, Mary Loyst.

Writing, "Listen to the Rain" —Gladys Lloyd, Freda Brooks, Eleanor Reid, Genevieve Tibbutt, Harold Loyst, Laura Punchard.

Writing "Bob White"—Laura Sills, Margaret Wright, Bruce Cuthill, George Day, Irene Ruttan, Daisy Bush.

Writing, "My Native Land"—Wallace Hogeboom, Arthur Kirk, Flossie Tibbutt, Betty Haight, Ruby Brooks, Edna Cranston.

Crayon Drawing of Flower—Carl Haight, Kathleen Hill, Kathleen Lloyd, Harvey Lloyd, Mildred Loyst, Evelyn Roblin.

Crayon Drawing, Autumn Scene —Laura Spearing Gladys Lloyd, Ward Allison, Genevieve Tibbutt, Peggy Heathcote, Ruth Hudson.

Poster, advertising School Fair—Betty Haight, Wallace Hogeboom, Irene Ruttan, Dave Reid, Ruth Campbell, Jean Hogeboom.

Collection of three Art specimens—George Day, Roy Asselstine, Betty Haight, Florence Morrow, Hazel Walker, Arthur Whitfield.

Public Speaking Contest—Norma Craven, Eleanor Reid, Ruby Brooks.

Solo—Clarence Parks, Betty Heathcote, Vera Plant, Hazel Walker, Eleanor Reid.

Stock Judging Contest—Borden Young, Arthur Whitfield, Clarence Parks, Roy Asselstine, Wallace Hogeboom, Wilkie Graham.

School Parade—1, S. S. No. 4, South Fredericksburgh; 2, S. S. No. 1, Adolphustown; 3, S. S. No. 2, South Fredericksburgh.

CERTIFICATES OF HONOR.

S. S. No. 1, South Fredericksburgh—Wallace Hogeboom.

S. S. No. 2, South Fredericksburgh—Arthur Whitfield.

S. S. No. 3, South Fredericksburgh—Norma Craven.

S. S. No. 4, South Fredericksburgh—Ruby Brooks.

S. S. No. 5, South Fredericksburgh—Edna Cranston.

S. S. No. 6, South Fredericksburgh—George Day.

S. S. No. 1, Adolphustown—Betty Heathcote.

S. S. No. 2, Adolphustown—Josephine Cousine.

S. S. No. 3, Adolphustown—Kathleen Laveck.

Glass!

Window glass, single and double thickness, also Automobile glass, cut to fit your car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

FIVE PRISONERS GO TO PENITENTIARY

THREE GET FIVE YEARS AND TWO GET TWO YEARS.

Charged with breaking into and entering the store of Mrs. Annie Shea on the Kingston road, near Odessa, on the night of September 12th, Albert Laporte, Frederick Manahan, John Bazin, Albert Wilfred and Ermand Plante, all of Montreal, appeared before His Honour Judge J. E. Madden, in the County Judges Criminal Court, at the Court House on Friday.

All the prisoners pleaded guilty.

The prisoner, Wilfred, had a previous prison record of two convictions, Plante had four, and Bazin had two. The above three were sentenced to five years each in the Kingston Penitentiary.

The prisoners were taken to the penitentiary on Saturday afternoon by Sheriff Vandervoort and Chief of Police Barrett.

NEWBURGH.

Mr. D. Fletcher Brown, brother of Mrs. Norman Woodcock, Newburgh, whose death was recorded last week, was almost instantly killed while riding in a touring car driven by his step-son, Mr. Fred Russell. They were driving on the Saratoga-Ballston highway, just north of the Geysers and attempted to pass a load of logs, which were being driven by Mr. H. Harrington. Evidently Mr. Russell did not see a car approaching from the opposite direction and attempted to pass between the load of logs and the other car, but there was not space enough and Mr. Brown's car crashed into the wagon and a protuding log jammed through the windshield, striking Mr. Brown on the skull. He was rushed to the Saratoga hospital, but life was extinct when they arrived.

Mr. Brown was born in Canada sixty-two years ago. He spent his boyhood days at Deseronto. He spent a number of years in Bay City, Mich., and Alpena, going to Schenectady about eighteen years ago. He was a member of Stanford Methodist Church and of Mohawk Valley Lodge, I. O.O.F.

Mr. John W. Cook is attending Normal School at Toronto.

Mrs. Fluke has left for Peterboro for a visit with her daughter, Miss Lulu Fluke, who is in attendance at the Normal School.

Mr. Chas. Bellor, of Oshawa, spent the week-end here.

Mr. M. Vandewater spent a few days in Montreal.

Miss Marie Weese is now a student at Lorne Park Seminary, Port Credit. Before leaving, a number of her friends represented by Miss Mary Glenn, R. Fleming, S. Miller, D. Caughey, J. Willard, S. Reid, A. G. Hitchins and A. N. Hitchins.

Laveck, Ruby Brooks.

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Glass!

Window glass, single and double thickness, also Automobile glass, cut to fit your car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Duck Shooting.

Get your supply of reliable ammunition at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

NAPANEE'S NAME MEANS "FLOUR" IN INDIAN

Napanee, the county town of Lennox and Addington has been described as of the New England type, evidently because of United Empire Loyalist influences of a century ago, writes "G. H. W." It has a charm that captivates the visitor.

The local authorities state that the great-grandfathers of those who laid the foundations of Napanee laid the foundations for many of the New England towns. Many of the homes show Puritan freshness, inside comfort not being sacrificed to outside angles.

This year Napanee has added largely to its paved-street area, and has kept quite up-to-date in its modest way. The name "Napanee" is the Mohawk for "flour," and was given the little collection of houses surrounding the first mill by Indians of the Deseronto Reservation, who used to take their flour supplies from there.

Lennox and Addington has a wealthy agricultural surrounding, and the Napanee merchants enjoy a splendid trade. The pretty little town is situated 24 miles west of the City of Kingston, and the old York Road passed through it, just as the new Provincial Highway does now.

Among those who received early Crown land grants around Napanee was Richard Cartwright, father of Sir Richard Cartwright. Napanee has had a long line of distinguished lawyers. One recalls the old firm of Deroche & Cartwright, of which for whom was for years County Judge of Lennox and his son, J. E. Madden, succeeded him two years ago on the Bench.

An eminent lawyer, who is still practising in Napanee is W. S. Herrington, K.C., who has delved deeply into the history of Lennox and published several interesting pamphlets about the early days of the district.—Globe.

MELLOR ARRESTED UNDER NEW CHARGE.

Picton, Sept. 24.—Joseph J. Mellor, the former pastor of Picton United Church, whose leniency charge was dismissed by Magistrate in Picton police court to a serious offence against a young girl, has caused a furore throughout this Province, surrendered to arrest by the local police at the Picton home of John Hubbs, M.P., a few minutes before 10 o'clock on Saturday afternoon and was remincarcerated in Picton jail. A warrant for his arrest had been issued by the provincial police a week ago, and Mellor returned to the town on Saturday from Syracuse, N.Y., where he had gone following his release on suspended sentence, to give himself up.

This morning he appeared before Magistrate Levi Williams in police court, to face a new charge laid on the instructions of the attorney-general's department.

The surprise of Mellor's first arrest and the amazement which followed the sentence after the day of expected hearing in camera a crowded court house a week ago, were as nothing to the shock with which the news of his re-arrest burst upon the town.

Not even the police knew of his return from the States until the moment of his arrest. Late in the afternoon, Chief Burton Biddel received a telephone call from J. L. Mellor, K.C., brother of the accused, who asked the chief to join him in his automobile. By a devious route Ward drove to the home of John Hubbs, Conservative M.P., who furnished the $1,000 which was paid as reparation when Mellor was first sentenced.

Mellor, who was sitting alone in the house when the chief and Mr. Mellor entered, arose and shook hands with the amazed chief.

"Well Burt, how are you," were his first words. Then, "What do you want me for now ?"

"I guess they think you haven't had enough justice," was the answer that Chief Biddel could make.

"I've got to arrest you.

"Well, I'm here and they can hang me now if they want to," the ex-pastor said.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Everyone is enjoying the very pleasant weather.

Potato digging is quite general. Most of the corn is cut and threshing is about completed until buckwheat is ready.

The Women's Institute meeting at Mrs. G. Plested's was not largely attended. Mrs. James Miller, of Sydenham, district president, was present and gave a thoughtful address.

The concert was ideal for the School Fair, which was held at Sillsville. The pupils and teachers deserve credit for their work.

COLEBROOK.

Mr. Arthur Hart, who was engaged by the trustees of S. S. No. 6, the village school, has given the school room a coat of gray, which alters it entirely from "The Little Red School House."

Dr. E. Eckhardt, of Utica, N.Y., spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. E. Eckhardt.

Mrs. Behr and daughter, of Syracuse, N.Y., who have been visiting friends in this vicinity, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Woodcock, of Herchimer, N.Y., are visiting at Mr. G. D. Lucas'.

Mrs. E. D. Shangraw has gone to Pennsville, N.Y., to be with her aunt, Mrs. R. Lemon, who is very ill.

Mrs. W. C. Shangran is spending a few days at Harrowsmith with her mother, Mrs. T. Cowdy.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM W. WALSH.

The death took place on Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at his home in North Fredericksburgh, of William Walsh. The deceased had been poor health for some time but was able to be around until a few days ago, when he was afflicted with pneumonia, and soon passed to the great beyond. His wife predeceased him a short time ago. The late Mr. Walsh was a resident of North Fredericksburgh for the greater part of his life, and his sudden passing will be felt by many. The funeral took place from his late residence, thence to the R. C. Church on Friday morning. He leaves to mourn his loss, seven sons and two daughters: Edmund in the West; Percy, Toronto; Robert, Albert, Harry, Ferdie and John, North Fredericksburgh, Mrs. A. B. Smith at home, and Miss Nellie, Toronto. Also two sister, Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Mack Corkey, both of Kingston.

G. F. RUTTAN, K.C.

A prominent citizen of this town and county, in the person of G. F. Ruttan, K.C., barrister, passed away at his home on Bridge street on Saturday afternoon, after a serious illness of some months' duration. At the time of his death he held the office of Police Magistrate for the Town of Napanee and the County of Lennox and Addington. In religion he was a member of the Church of England in Canada, and many times represented this church at the meetings of synod. He was the third son of the late Dr. Allan Ruttan, a successful medical practioner here for many years. He is survived by his widow and by his two brothers, Prof. Fulford Ruttan, of McGill University, Montreal, and Dr. Allan M. Ruttan, who resides in Western Canada. He was a member of the Masonic order, also the Independent Order of Oddfellows, being a highly esteemed member of Napanee Lodge No. 86.

The funeral services were conducted at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, interment being made at Riverside cemetery.

D. H. PRESTON, K.C.

The dean of the legal profession in this county, and one of the oldest citizens of the town, died at his residence, West street, on Saturday, in the person of David Hanna Preston, K.C. He was born in the Township of Manvers, Ontario, on Dec. 25, 1841, the fourth son of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Preston, a well-known pioneer of that township, and a grandson of Isaac Preston, one of the early settlers of Amherstland. He was educated at the University of Toronto from which he graduated in 1865 with the degree of L.L.B. He was called to the bar at Osgoode Hall in due course, and located in Napanee where he has practiced his profession for nearly sixty years. He was created a K.C. in 1889, and at the time of his death was one of the oldest King's Counsels in the Province. He was well known as an outstanding practioner of both branches, a sound lawyer, punctillious and painstaking in his profession, upright in all his ways, and a public-spirited citizen. His wife, formerly Miss Janet Templeton, of this town, predeceased him a few years ago, and he is survived by two sons and five daughters: J. W. Preston, attorney-at-law, Pueblo, Colorado; Dr. H. F. Preston, Toronto; Mrs. Russell, wife of Dr. Alfred Russell, Ballieboro, Ont.; Mrs. R. R. Davidson, Lethbridge, Alta.; Mrs. Stewart Preston, Pueblo, Colorado; Miss Ethel Preston, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and Miss Alice Preston at home.

The funeral took place this afternoon (Tuesday), the services being held at his late home and interment at Riverside cemetery.

Portland Cement.

Cement, lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ROBLIN.

Several from here attended the Standard camp meeting at Ivanhoe.

Miss Muriel Hart entertained a number of her friends recently.

Misses Mabel and Myrtle Hart, of the Ontario Hospital at Kingston, spent their holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hart.

Mrs. Sidney Woods has returned to her home after spending two weeks in Napanee with her parents, where she was receiving treatment for the effects of a broken limb.

Miss Jean Paul is attending normal school in Toronto.

Mrs. Fred Clifford, of Holland Centre, spent last week-end with their son, Alexander Telford.

Mrs. Jas. F. Kelly returned to Kingston after spending their holidays with Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Oliver at the parsonage.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the parsonage on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, when Herkimer Lasher and Miss Jennie Denison were married. They left to spend their holidays in Belleville and Toronto.

Mrs. H. R. Paul was a recent visitor to Toronto.

Master Freddie Hayes had the misfortune to fall from his tricycle breaking his arm.

A young daughter has come to brighten the home of Rev. and Mrs. Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Whiteman and family, of Melrose, spent Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kimmett.

HIGH CLASS

RETAIL GROCERY BUSINESS FOR SALE

Doing a good business. Showing a good profit. Good reasons for selling.

Apply P. O. BOX 663.

Napanee.

FOR SALE—FARM LANDS.

The Charles Thompson farm, 3 miles from Napanee, on the Provincial Highway, Deseronto Road, good buildings, well watered, finest soil for garden purposes, 140 acres. Enquire for price and terms.

The Walter Woodcock farm, about three miles west of Napanee, on Belleville Road. 90 acres, nicely located, good water, good buildings, creek in pasture.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

PONY OUTFIT FOR SALE—Or will trade on cattle. Apply to J. G. LOUCKS, Dundas street. 43-cp

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS for four school boys who go to their homes on Friday nights. MISS S. E. ALLEN, corner West and Mill streets. 44-a

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The residence of Capt. Ward, South Napanee, electric lights, good well and cistern, nearly two acres of good land. Apply on premises to MRS. WARD. 43-bp

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. AT CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Ham, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all conveneences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply W.M. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Frank Blair, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 10th day of October, A.D., 1927 after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
41-d

BATH.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cuppage have returned from a visit with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, Mr. Nicholas Holt and friends of Toronto, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cuppage.

Charles Young left last week to attend Normal School in Peterboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brown and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brown have left for their home in Newark, N.Y., after spending the summer here.

Miss Anna McNeill is attending Normal School at Peterboro.

INSIDE AND OUT
THE SAME HIGH QUALITY

FROM the smart, dashing exterior of its Fisher Body to the minutest hidden detail of its construction, the Jubilee Oldsmobile Six exemplifies the utmost in craftsmanship and precision manufacture.

In engineering, Oldsmobile keeps in the front rank of modern method and design, presenting smoother performance —eager acceleration—abundant, flowing power.

In appearance, Oldsmobile presents new dashing smartness, the most recent vogue in style and coloring.

Inside and Out . . . the Jubilee Oldsmobile Six embodies the same high quality . . . a quality almost unbelievable at Oldsmobile's new, lower price.

Jubilee
SERIES

Ask your Oldsmobile Dealer for Oldsmobile's New and Lower Prices and details of Low Deferred Payment Charges.

OLDSMOBILE

ROBT. McFARLAND, Dealer, Napanee, Ont.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL. (Editor of The Sunday School Times).

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

Sunday, Oct. 2—I. Kings : 18.

Golden Text—Choose you this day whom ye will serve. (Joshua 24 : 15).

Elijah bursts on the scene with the suddenness of a meteor. We left our study of the Kings of Israel at the twelfth chapter of I. Kings, when Rehoboam foolishly lost most of his kingdom. The next four chapters tell of the reigns of successive Kings over Israel and Judah. Our lesson is fifty years later—half a century of constant war between Israel and Judah, and constant sinning and declension in both kingdoms. Asa, now King of Judah, was one of the few good Kings. Ahab of Israel was one of the worst of Kings. The stage was set for Elijah.

It has been well said that the presence of a prophet in Israel or Judah was always evidence that God had a controversy with His people. Israel was going from bad to worse, and the meteoric Elijah burst on the scene. No introduction, no explanation of who he was ; the Scriptures simply tell us, at the beginning of Chapter 17, that Elijah the Tishbite, one of the inhabitants of Gilead, announced to King Ahab that there would be a terrible drought lasting for years. Elijah actually dared to say that he would give the word when the drought was to end. "There shall not be dew or rain these years, but according to my word." He left Ahab astounded and went many miles away; the rest of that chapter tells the wonderful story of his experience. God miraculously took care of His prophet during the years of drought and famine.

Our lesson chapter opens with God's word to Elijah in the third year of the drought : "Go, shew thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth."

It was a dramatic meeting. Samaria was suffering unspeakably from the famine. The King had been searching not only throughout all Israel, but throughout other nations and kingdoms to find this strange man ; and his first word to the prophet was the angry exclamation, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel ?" Elijah's challenge was that, "I have not troubled Israel ; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

Then Elijah proposed the test that has become an immortal scene in history. The claims of two rival deities were at stake: God and Baal. Elijah's challenge was that, in the presence of the King and all representatives of all Israel, two bullocks should be slain and offered on alters. The 450 priests of Baal, whom Queen Jezebel was supporting, should call on their god to send down fire and consume this sacrifice. Elijah would call on his God. "And the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken."

The test was carried out to the last detail. Elijah gave the priests of Baal plenty of time. Before the slain and quartered animal on their altar they called on this god "from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice nor any that answered." They grew frenzied, Elijah mocked them, suggesting that they cry louder, that their god was perhaps talking, or on a journey, or maybe was asleep and needed to be awakened.

In the uncontrolled passion of false religionists the priests slashed themselves with knives and lancets; the wild scene continued until evening, but "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

What a tragic picture it is of the futility and hopelessness of all false religions. These priests may have been sincere; most worshippers in false religions are sincere. They are deceived by Satan, the father of lies, who is back of all false religions in his enmity to God.

Elijah's turn came. He turned to an altar of God that had been broken down. He took twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes, and built up the altar. He then proceeded to put his test beyond all possibility of fraud or deception. After the bullock, cut to pieces, had been placed on the wood, he had barrels filled with water and poured over the sacrifice, the wood and the altar. This drenching was repeated the third time, till a great trench that had been dug about the altar was filled with the water. It was real water, the natural enemy of fire, that deluged the sacrifice, and not petroleum as some modern critics who reject God and His Word have actually asserted, in a blasphemous attempt to eliminate the supernatural from the Scriptures and remove God from the universe.

The prophets of Baal had prayed all day and failed. Elijah prayed about half a minute. His prayer is very beautiful, very wonderful in its simplicity and faith and directness. He asked God to let it be known that day that He was God in Israel, and that Elijah was His servant, and that all this had been done at God's word ; and, best of all, "that Thou hast turned their (Israel's) heart back again."

What a tense moment it must have been ! Let us picture it in our mind's eye : the sullen, rebellious and apostate King, the 450 exhausted, bleeding, defeated priests, the vast multitude of Israel, most of them worshippers of Baal ; and the lone and lonely figure of the prophet out of the wilderness. The sun was setting off to the west, over the Mediterranean ; but all eyes were fixed, not on the beauties of nature, nor on the King, nor on the prophet, but on that altar of God. As the prophet's brief prayer ended and there was an instant's pause, then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt-sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it they fell on their faces, and they said : "The Lord, He is the God ; the Lord, He is the God."

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Father and Son Fight Side by Side

Roy is a handsome lad of fifteen, who is very proud of a new set of head phones some friend sent to him. Now he can hear as far as Boston on his radio. The wires come right to by his cot, where he rests most of the time. You see, Roy is in the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives and is by no means well as he looks, although he says he is getting better. He can visit his Dad, too, which is another source of comfort to him.

Dad is in the same institution, also making the never ceasing struggle against the fell disease. So often "T. B." grips more than one in a family. Both are really making good progress, however—the complete rest, the discipline and the care of kindly nurses and doctors are having their usual good effect in the efficient institution.

The Muskoka Hospital is urgently in need of funds. What can you spare to help ?

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 215 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

... An ... Elopement
It Occurred In 1935

By F. A. MITCHEL

My father was born in 1915, when the great European war was raging and when his parents talked nothing but war, read nothing but war and dreamed nothing but war. The consequence was that he imbibed war when he was a baby, and when he was four years old, hearing the rattle of a drum, he attacked his nurse with a carving knife and slashed her cheek, leaving a scar that she carried all her life.

When he became a man he entered the army, which had grown from the 100,000 men composing it when he was born to 5,000,000 regulars and 10,000,000 reserves, and he was stationed at one of the thousand steel and flint forts protecting the Atlantic coast, his particular fortress being where Long Branch formerly stood.

He met my mother, then Miss Belle Ostrander, at a garden party held at her father's home in New Hampshire, which state by that time had been given over to multimillionaires for country seats. My father, Luther Muchmore, was a member of the aviation corps and thought nothing of 150 miles between the fort and Miss Ostrander's home, after 5 o'clock dress parade, for dinner at 7.

Lieutenant Muchmore was very versatile, being eminent in all the various corps of the army. It was said of him that he had flown higher in the air and dived deeper under the sea than any other man.

But aviation was his specialty. He was the inventor of those combination aeroplanes that in these days may be seen like winged cocks climbing mountains by means of flapping wings and digging their toes into the crevices of rock or into the snow. Some of them have been fitted with an apparatus which enables them when they have reached the summit to flap their wings and crow. One of these immense chanticleers has recently been fixed on the top of Mont Blanc and at dawn breaks the slumbers of the inhabitants in the valley by its vociferous crowing.

My grandfather Ostrander was much concerned to see that Lieutenant Muchmore and Belle were falling in love with each other, for the young officer had not a penny but his pay, whereas my mother to be would inherit an income of $2,000,000. Mr. Ostrander forbade the suitor entering the house and warned his daughter that if she married him clandestinely he would cut her off with a beggarly million. But, not content with this warning, he placed her under strict surveillance. He even deprived her of her runabout aeroplane, which she was accustomed to drive herself, restricting her air outings to a clumsy "air cutter," a type of machine that had been left far behind by other types and needed to be managed by an experienced aeronaut. But she seldom used the latter.

In olden times they had a saying, "Love laughs at locksmiths." When my mother was a girl this had changed to "Cupid rules in air as well as on the earth." One fine afternoon when Belle Ostrander was driving her duplex machine—an auto that by means of wings was enabled to fly over low obstructions—looking up in the air, dotted with the aeroplanes of country gentlemen, she espied one making directly toward her. Within a few minutes it had descended to the road before her and out stepped Lieutenant Muchmore.

"Choose between me and your family," he said. "If you are theirs, I will never see you again; if you are mine, fly with me."

"Oh, Luther, what will we do with only the million my father will leave me if I marry you and your three hundred thousand a year? We will sink out of the social world entirely."

"Decide!" he cried.

"I cannot."

He decided for her.

While he was taking her from her duplex he heard the sound of that peculiar b-r-r-r-r made by these machines and, looking back along a straight road, saw one of them coming at full speed.

"Heavens!" exclaimed my mother to be. "It is father! He forbade my going out in this machine. He must have seen me leave, taken another duplex and followed me."

Muchmore, without reply, put her back into the machine, turned on the power, and it shot forward like an arrow. His own aeroplane, which he had left in the middle of the road, blocked the way, but by elevating the steering fan the duplex cleared it with a bound, and the lovers were off at a seventy mile gait. My grandfather, who was a timid man, had been following his daughter at a slow pace—some 30 miles an hour—but when he saw what had occurred threw caution to the winds and turned on all the power his machine possessed.

When he came to Muchmore's machine, which was so light of structure that it looked like a great gauze winged beetle, not seeing it till he was within a hundred yards of it, he came very near wrecking it and his own. There was barely time to make the jump, grazing its wings, which were scattered in the air, powdered to a puff of smoke. The first formidable obstruction the lovers encountered was a church around which the road bent. Muchmore, seeing that at the pace he was going he could not go round it without flying off at a tangent, depressed the tail fan some 200 feet before reaching the obstacle.

The machinery responded splendidly, and the duplex made a remarkable jump of some sixty feet, but just as it passed over the steeple my mother to be gave a shriek, hearing a crash beneath. The lower and more solid part of the machine carried away a cross, which went tumbling to the earth. Fortunately the duplex was not injured, but struck the road at an acute angle and glided on its way. It was fortunate for my grandfather when he reached the church that the cross had been carried away, for his machine, which grazed the top of the steeple, would have collided with the cross.

My father, who has often told me of this flight, described it as the most exhilarating of his life. He succeeded in getting ninety miles an hour out of his machine, a speed that could not have been maintained on a road filled with obstructions had he not been driving a duplex. He said that while passing over other machines he felt like a boy playing leapfrog. My mother, on the contrary, was filled with terror and shrieked at every leap. She has declared that she felt like a goose running from a farmer's boy and flying over the fences.

Several miles from a point where the road was crossed by a railway my father saw a train coming toward the crossing. In estimated that it would reach the point at the same time as himself. Beyond the track was a depression into which he could not see. If he jumped he might come down to be wrecked; if he waited for the train to pass he would lose the race and the girl he loved. Putting on every bit of power the engine would stand, he endeavored to reach the crossing before the train. He failed. Elevating the tail fan, he made the leap, my mother clinging to his arm in such fashion as to impede his efforts. However, he cleared the train by a good thirty feet and found himself on the other side of it—over a lake which stretched before him for several miles.

Had it not been that the duplex was really a triplex I would have never been born, and this story would have been told by some one else. Fortunately the bottom of the machine was built in the shape of a boat and made to go in water as well as on land. But this Lieutenant Muchmore did not know.

"Cling to me, darling," he said, infolding my mother to be in his arms. "I will save you."

"My father!" exclaimed Belle. "He will drown!"

"Perhaps not!" cried Muchmore.

"Ours is boat shaped. It is the only triplex machine on the place. Father is using a simple duplex. We must save him!"

"Not much!" cried my father.

By this time they had descended to the surface of the lake, which they struck with a ricochet, then glided onward, plowing the foam on each side. Presently a splash was heard behind them, and, turning, they saw my grandfather struggling in the water His machine had sunk to the bottom.

"Turn about!" cried my mother to be.

"Not if I know myself!" replied my father.

"Save him or I will never be yours!"

This was the first introduction of my father to my mother's will, which he afterward learned, to his cost, was not to be despised. He slowed up, turned and reached the place where my grandfather was struggling in the water just as he sank for the third time. Jumping from the car, my father dived and after some twenty seconds' submersion brought my grandfather to the surface in a semi-conscious condition. He was got into the triplex with great difficulty and at the risk of upsetting it. Then it was put toward the shore.

The usual methods for resuscitating a drowning man were resorted to, and my grandfather came to his senses, not only physically, but in respect to chasing his daughter according to the methods of his time. My father called for one of the more roomy aeroplanes flying about over his head, and the whole party was taken to the Ostrander home. My grandfather could not deny that the lieutenant had saved his life, though he had jeopardized it by running away with his daughter. Besides this consideration, the old man recognized the fact that so many more avenues of escape were in his day open to eloping couples than when they fled to Gretna Green that the difficulty of catching them had increased a hundredfold. He consented to the wedding, settling upon his daughter an income of a million.

The wedding was celebrated with great splendor, the bridal party going by aeroplane to Europe, a fleet of the largest airships carrying the bride and groom and their guests. The party left the Ostrander country place at 9 o'clock in the evening, reaching London at 8 o'clock the next morning, being the quickest trip made up to that time.

They were invited to dine with the king and queen of England, but declined, royalty in England having lost its former commanding position, though at that time the king and queen had not given place to the wax figures of the sovereign now to be seen in the Tower of London. Wealth having become all powerful in England, as in America, the party accepted no invitations, except from the Duke of Devonshire, who still held his title as a form, and such other persons as possessed the means to entertain them. They found Europe still impoverished from the war of 1915 and after a brief stay returned to America, where they found a more cheerful atmosphere, for our people had learned a lesson from the results of that great struggle and insured themselves against a like calamity by adequate preparation.

CANADIAN GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION

Montreal, Sept. 26th.—One of the main functions which the Canadian Good Roads Association has assumed is constant education in the use of improved highways throughout Canada. Unless certain care is taken of these roads not only will the investment be lost, but transportation will suffer through wear and tear. In the minds of officials of the Canadian Good Roads Association, the maintenance of these highways holds just as important a place as their building.

Among the leading papers to be heard at the Association's convention at Niagara Falls on September 27, 28, and 29, is one by Hugh A. Lumsden Engineer for Wentworth County, Ontario, advocating the gradual abolition of certain kinds of tires on vehicles. Mr. Lumsden has given a great deal of thought and study to this problem, and he sees in the use of low-upper tires a distinct menace to the preservation of the improved highway.

One of Mr. Lumsden's proposals is the division of highways into classes. He puts forward the opinion that heavy trucks without pneumatic tires should be allowed only on roads of sufficient strength to carry them without undue damage. He has also certain opinions with respect to regulations for truck and trailer operations. Of course, Mr. Lumsden realizes that such views will meet with determined opposition, but he thinks that the subject should be discussed as fully as possible as a step towards making the present good roads last longer.

R. W. McColough, Chief Engineer of the Nova Scotia Department of Highways, has an instructive paper on gravel roads—a subject of interest to rural parts of every province. Mr. McColough stresses the proper drainage for gravel roads, holding that the top should be flat. He asserts that maintenance gravel should be piled along the right of way a year ahead of actual use. For an extremely hard surface the gravel should pass through the half inch ring. For fairly soft material all gravel should pass through a one inch ring.

Mr. McColough finds fault with some of the present day road machinery, alleging that it should be better standardized. He notes the rapid development of this machinery, first the split log drag, then the light patrol grader of seven hundred pounds and today the heavier patrol grader of thirteen hundred pounds. Motor patrol graders are also coming into use. According to his view, engineers and highway officials are more responsible for the lack of standardization in machinery than the manufacturers. He believes that such standardization will add greatly in obtaining better gravel roads throughout the country.

The Nova Scotia authority has given much attention to the dust problem. He promised to give the convention the result of his conclusions. To some extent he is satisfied that dust can be cheaply and successfully eliminated by the use of certain ingredients now on the market.

"It is only possible now to give a very brief synopsis of these papers," said Mr. George McNamee, Secretary of the Canadian Good Roads Association. "Both these men will go into the subjects in very elaborate detail. We have received many more interesting forecasts of papers to be read, but for the present, possibly these two will serve as samples of what we may expect when the technical side of the good roads question is to be discussed."

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By HELEN R. MARTIN,
Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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In spite of her simplicity, how superior she seemed to the rest of the family! None of the rest of them would have cared enough about reading the papers to have risked old Morningstar's anger. There was something even in her speech that arrested his attention. "Of whom the newspapers make frequent mention." Of whom. So very grammatical. No one else in the family would have said "of whom." And her reference to Monte Cristo! Rather surprising. To know about Monte Cristo and never to have heard of Andrew Carnegie—what an anomaly!

Another thing. She had looked scared half to death upon his discovering her with the forbidden newspaper, but when the petty tyrant of the household, before whom his own son and daughter cringed, appeared on the scene she had met his approach with cool indifference. Her evident bashfulness would not explain her extreme agitation with him-self.

When, a little later, he rose to go to the house he had come to no conclusion about her at all.

CHAPTER IV.

MOST people considered Georgiana Ellery a very beautiful girl. She was of a tall regal type, her stateliness of bearing and austerity of thought rather at odds with the soft womanliness of her countenance and the mellow sweetness of her voice. In spite of the seriousness with which she took herself and her "views," a seriousness which the light minded found a little wearing, her forceful personality held a charm which, with her beauty, gave her a very marked distinction.

Just now her benevolent glance moved about the table to take stock, as it were, of material. These seemingly commonplace Morningstars, she felt sure, could be reached through contact with the high thinking which it was her unrelaxing aim to express. They already possessed that plain living which she had been taught to recognize, in theory at least, as a necessary concomitant to the former.

There was, first of all, the young man who sat opposite her, the farm hand. He certainly looked capable (in spite of his rough overalls and his name, which was Pete) of higher things. He had rather refined features. And his face was not unintelligent. His brow really suggested the possibility of "thought power"—if haply she might awaken it.

The other men at the table, the insignificant little farmer, with his keen, mouselike face, and his stalwart son Abe, who assisted his father on the farm, were perhaps a bit farther removed from the sphere of her influence. But the freshness of her enthusiasm was ready to try even upon them.

As for the women, there were possibilities, no doubt, in Mrs. Morningstar and decidedly so in that really pretty girl, Eunice. The only one of them all who appeared to her rather hopelessly unreceptive was Ollie, the brassy, heavy faced daughter of the house, whose dark, sullen countenance would have dampened an ardor even warmer than that of Miss Ellery.

Seated beside Georgiana was her cousin, Daisy Parks, whose fluffy, puffy prettiness and irresponsible air of frivolity were, to tell the truth, a bit refreshing as over against Miss Ellery's oppressive superiority.

"Now," said Mr. Morningstar as, after a long silent grace, he jerked his chair closer to the table and fell to, "just yous act yourselfs natural and take what yous see."

He reached to the middle of the table and picked up a heavy platter of fried potatoes to help himself, unmindful of his guests. "We all do our own servin' in the country. To be sure, if there's children we help them. But me, I always say if it's on the table I kin git it right."

He laughed, with his mouth full of meat, and proceeded to stretch across the table for everything he wanted.

"Yes," Mrs. Morningstar added in her loud, boisterous tones, as she, too, reached for what she wanted, "out here when folks goes on comp'ny they must used theirselfs to do their own stretchin' and not expec' to be waited on."

"How quaint!" exclaimed Miss Daisy Parks. She promptly reached far across the board for a slice of bread. "If you want that you must climb!" she quoted.

"Please, Daisy!" entreated Georgiana, "don't be slangy! You promised me."

Daisy pressed her hand to her heart. "Stung again! How can I be so forgetful when I know how it bumps you, Georgie!" she said with mock remorsefulness.

"I hope," Mrs. Morningstar cried as she saw that, in spite of her urging, the boarders did not help themselves with the businesslike alacrity to be looked for in those who were paying for their food, "that yous'll like my wittles. If I do say it myself, I kin cook when I know folks is comin'. To be sure, sometimes they come unexpected. Yes, just so sure as I say to pop or the girls, 'Now we'll warm up these here stumps that's left and eat 'em up once!' —then beware! Strangers is sure to come unexpected. Ain't, Ollie?"

Ollie colored with embarrassment at being appealed to and murmured an answer under her breath.

"Our creature comforts are of such minor importance," spoke Georgiana's musical voice as she lifted her handsome dark head and smiled from her high plane upon the Morningstars in a sort of benediction. "Material things absorb most of us too much—don't you think so?—leaving us too little time for the things that are really worth while in life."

Georgiana observed that the farm hand, Pete, looked impressed as she spoke as though a ray of light had penetrated his darkened mind. The rest of the family appeared unresponsive—unless perhaps that girl Eunice manifested some slight signs of receptivity—Georgiana could not be sure.

As for Miss Parks, she always hung upon Georgiana's words as though unwilling to miss one pearl which dropped from the lips of her oracular cousin, her admiration being commensurate with her inability to grasp Georgiana's deep meanings.

Mrs. Morningstar, however, disappointedly betrayed her obtuseness to truth by responding with an apology for her appearance. "I most always put another frock on till the afternoon a'ready, and so does Ollie still (Eunice she ain't got the time to, but we didn't get 'em on yet till yous got here, so you see us lookin' some hard."

"It is yourself we wish to see, not your clothes, Mrs. Morningstar," Georgiana said encouragingly. "Externals are lost sight of when once one gets below the surface to the real person."

Mrs. Morningstar blushed and looked shocked, while her son Abe at her side colored all over his fat, sunburned neck.

"To be sure," the farmer's wife replied dubiously, "I wouldn't think much of that practice—lettin' folks see you undressed."

Georgiana, whose eyes were upon Pete, noticed that he smiled. She sank back in her chair, a shade of disappointment in her face. But she would not despair. The potential good in every human soul must eventually awaken to the right touch.

"Eunice," sharply ordered Mrs. Morningstar, her tone in addressing her foster child noticeably unlike that in which she spoke to any one else, "don't you see the fried smashed potatoes is all? Why don't you mind yourself and fill the dish up once?"

The girl, without any response and with a change in the pensiveness of her countenance, rose to do as she was bid. The delicacy and refinement of her face made one expect to see her embarrassed by such rude harshness in the presence of strangers. But she did not appear to be even conscious of it.

"Doc," Mrs. Morningstar addressed Pete as the girl brought back the potato dish from the stove, "don't you want some more smashed potatoes?"

Miss Parks paused in her dainty sipping of her milk at the Morningstar coffee and tea being impossible and looked interested.

"Are you a doctor?" she inquired wonderingly as Peter without replying to the landlady helped himself to potatoes.

There was an instant's silence, no one offering a reply at once.

"Och," said Mrs. Morningstar abruptly, with a confusion unaccountable to the two young ladies, "that's just a title he goes by around here still."

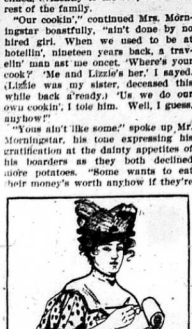
"Why?" pursued Miss Parks with frank curiosity.

"I don't know fur why," she said hastily. "Won't yous have some coffee? This here coffee cost 14 cents a pound, so I think it might mebbe be some like that there coffee we got a cup of the time we was to Phil-delph-y and took a piece at Wanamaker's place. But that there coffee was now wonderful good tasted! The best I ever seen. And mind to what it cost yet! Ten cents a cup! I thought I'd drop when the colored gen'man sayed to pop we owed a quarter apiece—me and pop—fur just four little buckwheat cakes and a cup of coffee apiece! It spited me so I couldn't take no more enjoyment out of nothin' all the rest of the day. That give me all I wanted of goin' to a big city! That—and a awful scenery we seen in Broad street station—the form of two women comin' towards us—drunk! You mind of it, pop? I'd never witnessed such a scenery before as a woman drunk! That there was my first and my last trip to Phil-delph-y. A trip to Meckville's good enough fur me after that. And such a hurryin' and a crowdin' as there is still in a big city! It seems as the folks there never thinks of the hereafter the way they hurry along the street. Will yous have some coffee?"

The fourteen cent coffee was declined, evidently to the surprise of the rest of the family.

"Our cookin'," continued Mrs. Morningstar boastfully, "ain't done by no hired girl. When we used to be at hotellin', nineteen years back, a travelin' man ast me oncet, 'Where's your cook?' 'Me and Lizzie's her,' I sayed. (Lizzie was my sister, deceased this while back a'ready.) 'Us we do our own cookin', I tole him. Well, I guess, anyhow?"

"Yous ain't like some," spoke up Mr. Morningstar, his tone expressing his gratification at the dainty appetites of his boarders as they both declined more potatoes. "Some wants to eat their money's worth anyhow if they're



"I'll make a note of that," said Daisy.

hungry or if they ain't. Now, there's me," he said jocularly, "I believe I'd eat three meals at once! (when one would do me) if I could get 'em fur nothin'. When I was a young man I went out west fur awhile. I often had heard, so much about this west I thought now I'd go see it fur myself oncet. Well, I stayed two years, and when I come back the first meal I took was in such a cat-fee in Phil-delph-y with a man where was goin' to buy some cattle off of me, and I sayed now I'd take oysters, oncet I had the chanct, because you couldn't git 'em in the west, so first I ordered fried (him he eat a beefsteak). Well, I eat them six fried, and then I ordered a stew. Them I eat, too, and so I says now I take 'em raw. The hotel waiter he says to me, 'You don't live in Phil-delph-y, do you?' 'No,' I says, 'I lived in the west this while back, and I can't git oysters out there.' 'Yes,' the waiter he says, 'I thought so.' Well, when I was only half through my dozent raw ones I didn't feel fur eatin' no more, but I paid fur 'em, so I hated to let 'em. I conzed this here man where (Bibo) was with me to eat 'em. 'No, I'm full,' he says. 'If you can't eat 'em, let 'em.' 'I don't want to see 'em wasted,' I says. 'Now, me, I ain't like you,' he says. 'If I ordered a steak and had enough when half was eat I'd let the other half, whether I'd paid fur it or not.' But I just couldn't stand it to let them oysters and go off. 'Git your fork here,' I says to the feller. 'Help me to eat 'em.' 'No,' he says. 'You can't git 'em in the west—eat!' So I eat two more. But still there was a many on the dish. 'Now I quit!' I says and throwed down my fork. 'I can't make it!' So," he concluded with reminiscent regret, "them seven raw ones I had to let."

The effect of this recital upon Miss Ellery was to sadden her. Her Cousin Daisy, as her satellite, tried to copy her expression, but with indifferent success.

"Mister he always could eat hearty," said Mrs. Morningstar. "Me, I'm different to what he is. Mornings and evenings I can hardly eat ever. Dinner I eat pretty good. But here this winter Mister he had his pest—three carbuncles and near fifty boils. Then he couldn't eat neither."

Georgiana tried to divert the talk to another plane. "Do you know one thing that led me to wish to summer here when I saw your advertisement in the paper was your name—Morningstar—so full of suggestion. I have always thought names so significant. I thought," she said, smiling sweetly, "that I should be happy in a country home with people bearing a name so full of poetic meaning, so suggestive of the spiritual healthfulness of rural life."

Mrs. Morningstar looked bewildered. "So?" she said vaguely. "Well, if only more thought like you we'd make more at keepin' summer boarders. We could accommodate a many more. We kin lay eight and set ten."

Georgiana appeared disconcerted, but she made another brave effort to turn the tide of the talk into a higher channel.

"I was led to come to you because I am unfortunately rather run down from the last crowded months of the college year, and I felt that really to regain my poise I must get near to nature, and that the best way to do that would be actually to go and live with the people of the soil and really become one of them."

"And live the simple life," put in Daisy. "I think one could do it here, Georgiana, without the strain that it is in town. Out here," she added hopefully, "it won't require my co-operation. I'll have to live it."

"Not if there is inward rebellion," instructed Georgiana gently. "Remember, dear, the simple life is subjective as well as objective."

Daisy accepted it with a sigh. "I'll make a note of that," she said, gathering up the blank book and pencil she wore suspended from her belt. She met the wondering looks of the Morningstars as she leafed her notebook. "Yes," she nodded, volunteering an explanation, "I write down things which impress me. My uncle thinks keeping a notebook may give me mental pause."

"Poise," corrected Georgiana, blushing for her cousin.

"Poise," nodded Daisy; she always accepted Georgiana's corrections without question. "To collect facts—facts with no deviation from accuracy."

"It will be excellent mental discipline for you, Daisy," said Georgiana kindly.

"My only doubt is," said Daisy anxiously, "that it isn't consistent with the simple life—keeping a notebook to improve your mind. Because you know it certainly isn't 'reposeful'—keeping a notebook. Now, on the bare face of it, without any philosophy, my motto for a simple life would be, 'Let things slide.' I could live up to that," she said with conviction.

Mrs. Morningstar laughed. "Yous fetch out such big words still! Just like Doc—Pete, I mean," she quickly corrected herself. "Pete, he always spittin' them big words out too. A body'd think it would go to your brains; ain't?"

Georgiana picked up hope—her intuition as for Pete was perhaps after all not a mistake.

"Pete has had some schooling?" she inquired.

At this question Georgiana was pursued to observe that Eunice, who sat on the opposite side of the table from Pete, gave a slight start, raised her constantly downcast eyes and looked at the farmhand with a faint smile. But though the gaze had been resting persistently, almost embarrassingly, with a bucolic, stupid stare upon herself, Georgiana saw that he met Eunice's glance with a sudden look of interest which seemed to change his whole countenance.

But Mrs. Morningstar's reply to her question diverted her attention and arrested her sense of astonishment at this puzzling transformation.

"If he had schoolin'? Well, I don't know if he was to college like yous. But this I kin say—he kin read wonderful good off the newspaper. Why, you would know it was readin'—you'd think he was just talkin'."

"Now I'd put it the other way round," said Mr. Morningstar critically. "I'd say his talkin' sounds as if he was readin'. Pete," he asked, "was you to such a college ever?"

"Well," said Pete tentatively, "I seen a college oncet when I was in town."

Daisy gave forth a little squeal of amusement, but instantly pulled her countenance straight again, with an apprehensive glance toward Georgiana.

"Not young men," remarked Georgiana, glancing from Pete to Abe, "are discontented in the country these days and are ambitious to get to town. I think it a pity often. Country life is such much more healthful—spiritually, I mean."

Abe did not even look up, but Pete, his mouth full of potato, replied, "My job out here suits me all right."

Discontented?" questioned Mr. Morningstar. "We've got enough to eat and a little over. What more can a person want?"

But the usually tongue tied daughter Ollie here spoke up. "I guess a body wants a little pleasure, too, still," she said sullkily, scowling at her father; then suddenly, overwhelmed with shyness at the sound of her own voice, she colored violently and bent her eyes to her plate.

Mr. Morningstar's small eyes and mouth seemed to contract as he looked at her. "I ain't leavin' you run," he obstinately affirmed. "Eunice she never asts me has she the dare to go any."

"Yes, well, but"—Mrs. Morningstar came to the defense of her own in loud tones—"it's some different, too, with your own flesh and blood and a 'dopted child. It wouldn't become Eunice to be astin' to go. She's to work and pay fur bein' kep' ever since she was too little to work yet. Your own child, that's different again. You might leave Ollie go oncet, pop, to this here ice cream festible in town. She's wonderful set on it. And you don't never leave her feel out in society."

"I ain't leavin' her," he replied, with quiet stubbornness. "She'd want to spend some at the festible, and she'd stay late, and then when she'd have to git up early tomorrow she'd git sick fur me, and I'd have to have a doctor fur her."

"Well, leave Eunice go then her break fast oncet. Eunice she kin do some of Ollie's work tomorrow mornin' till Ollie feels fur gittin' up."

Eunice did not again raise her eyes or manifest any sign of her feelings in hearing herself thus disposed of.

"I said Ollie wasn't to go now!" Mr. Morningstar reiterated sharply. But Ollie scowled during all the rest of the meal.

"Well," Mr. Morningstar presently said, rising and pushing his chair away from him as he dived the back of his hand across his mouth, "I must go out back now and separate. Would yous mebbe like to see me separate?" he inquired of the young ladies.

"Separate?" questioned Daisy, her head a bit on one side to catch a new fact on the wing, as it were.

"To see the milk and cream separated apart by one of these machines where I bought off of such a agent from New York over," Mr. Morningstar explained.

"How perfectly dear!" cried Daisy, rising at once, her notebook ready in her hand. "Will you come, Georgiana?"

"Yous kin see what runs the machinery all," the farmer said as they followed him out of the kitchen.

"A body could live out there!"—Georgiana's perfectly dear and quaint" exclaimed Daisy volubly, as they went across the room to the door. "Everything is so rural!"

While Mrs. Morningstar and the two girls were clearing away the dinner the former pronounced it as her opinion that "that Doc" was "a black eyed sharper" who had committed some crime which made him afraid to be recognized by "townhers."

CHAPTER V.

"SO that," mused Peter Kinross as, dressed in overalls and with his hair grotesquely plastered down with Abe Morningstar's pomatum, he strolled about at dusk that evening under the trees of the orchard, smoking his after supper cigar, "is the renowned Miss Georgiana Ellery, the beautiful, the accomplished! Sentimental," he pronounced, "from the crowns of her head to the soles of her shoes! And intellectual! It would take a pretty brave man to go in for her! Well," he concluded, bending back his head and blowing out puffs of smoke, "she's a fair type of what the woman's college turns out nowadays. And by Jupiter, a more stunningly beautiful girl I never saw!"

In spite, however, of this conclusion, he patted himself on the head for his cleverness in having devised so excellent a scheme for the preservation of his liberty. What a boredom it spared him!

There was one phase of his escapade which was not so pleasant to contemplate—the discovery of his deception when he should be obliged to meet these two young ladies in his true character upon his return to college in the fall.

His stroll had brought him to the fence which separated the orchard from the lane, and suddenly he stopped short and took his cigar from his mouth. There, a few feet away, leaning against the fence, stood Eunice. In the deepening twilight he had not seen her until nearly at her side.

Her relaxed attitude betrayed the weariness of her young body at the end of the day's toil, and the droop of her head against her hand suggested the pensiveness of her mind.

He felt glad that he had come upon her; he was so curious to know how his disguise affected her. She had actually been surprised into a faint smile of amusement at the dinner table. It had fairly startled him.

In the lane outside the fence four little boys were playing, children from neighboring farm laborers' cottages, and Eunice was watching them idly.

The dialogue of the little cubs was diverting, so he, too, rested against the fence and listened to them. He thought she must surely have heard his approach, but she did not stir.

"I used to be a towner—I lived at Lebanon," one boy was boasting.

"Aw," scorned the other, "I lived furder'n that—I used to live out west yet!"

"Aw, why, you couldn't!" The first gave him the lie without ceremony. "The Indians would kill you if you lived out west!"

"I did too! Say, Reddy, didn't I used to live out west?"

"Yes, you did," Reddy championed him.

"But there's 550 Indians out west!" exclaimed the first boy statistically. "A body couldn't live out there!"

"Aw!" sneered Reddy, "come off! You're thick! A body can't hardly learn you nothin'! The Indians ain't wild no more—they're tamed now!"

The dispute ended in a fist fight which led the combatants further down the road and out of earshot.

Kinross took his cigar from his mouth and spoke to Eunice across the space between them.

"Boys are queer animals, aren't they?"

She did not turn to look at him. For an instant she did not answer. Then, low and soft, her voice fell upon the still evening.

"Queer animals?" But they are embryo men!"

His cigar almost fell from his hand. He stared at her averted profile in stupid astonishment.

"Are we a pair of cynics?" he at last found his voice to remark.

But the words were not uttered before he realized that the space where she had stood was empty. She had turned and fled like a frightened bird. He stared after her retreating figure, his sense of the mystery which hung about her affecting him strangely.

"Was that the girl Eunice to whom I spoke and who answered me in such wise? 'They are embryo men!' Embryo. A girl who asks me who this Andrew Carnegie is anyway!"

He turned back to lean upon the fence again, put his cigar to his lips, and meditatively blew a long cloud of smoke into the air.

"By gosh!"

It expressed, as no other comment could have done, the state of his mind.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days later Dr. Kinross, dressed in his overalls and lying on his back in the woods behind a pile of logs, found himself in the enforced position of an eavesdropper and felt it exceedingly awkward. A few feet away, beneath his own favorite shade tree, sat Miss Georgiana Ellery and Miss Daisy Parks. He had not counted upon their penetrating to this resort to which he came daily with his books. His telltale volume and compromising leisure, in the middle of the afternoon, from the farm work in which he was supposed to be engaged made it imperative at the warning signal of their voices that he should scramble out of sight behind a nearby pile of logs. He had barely had time to conceal himself when they had come into view and presumptuously proceeded to settle themselves for the afternoon in the comfortable spot which their coming forced him to abandon, thus making it impossible for him to move an inch without discovery and placing him in the discreditable position of being obliged to hear everything that was said.

"Have you noticed, Daisy," he heard Georgiana's atractive voice asking, almost as soon as they were seated, "anything about that farm hand, Peter, which has impressed you as singular?"

"He isn't as woozy looking as 'pop' and Abe," Daisy promptly answered.

"Daisy! How can you, in the very heart of the country, use that detestable city slang?"

"Well, Georgie," Daisy returned plaintively, "I'm sure I never wanted to go to college. You and uncle made me!"

"Did college do nothing for you but give you a vocabulary of slang?"

"But, Georgie, Pete isn't as woozy looking—I mean," she hastily corrected herself, "he's rather good looking and as there's nothing else doing out here I'm thinking of flirting with Pete, if you won't kick—object, I should say."

"Why Pete? Why not Abe?" Georgiana inquired tolerantly.

"Abe's too woozy—oh! I don't want to jar you, Georgiana—forgive me. Of course I feel, too, how perfectly dear and sweet it is out here with so much nature around and everything—but I just thought I'd mention, since there's nothing doing, just to keep up my courage a little, you know, I'd encourage Pete to fall in love with me. Do you know," she said thoughtfully, "I shouldn't wonder if Pete would be quite good looking if he were sported up."

"He has impressed you," affirmed Georgiana, "because there is something singular about him. I feel it, too—the way the family treats him, with an air of uncertainty—I can't explain just what it is—but they don't behave toward him as one would expect to see a hired farmhand treated. And

(Continued on page 5).

Electrical Detective Reveals Culprit

DR. A. P. Link, psychology instructor, is busy fixing the guilt for a deep, dark "crime." One of his students, the girl at his left, is guilty of a pre-arranged "robbery." Mr. H. F. Hopkins (standing), of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, operates an electrical stethoscope which transmits to an audience of 1,000, the heart-beats of the witness. As she is asked pertinent questions concerning the "crime," the heart-beats of the witness quicken perceptibly.

The other apparatus shown provides records of other reactions caused by the inward emotions of the witness, no matter what control she exercises over voice or expression. The New York Electrical Society, before which the experiment was conducted, praised highly the work of the telephone scientists in developing the delicate instruments.

Sherlock Holmes to-day might find himself out-Sherlocked by Doctor Watson with an electrical stethoscope!

Use Crisco
for deep frying
and avoid unpleasant smoke and odor.

—for homes that want the best in cooking

Webster's Grocery
(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law

SIDE PA'S SON-IN-LAW
BLUE NOTE
BY WELLINGTON
BYE HEAR THAT SCREECHIN AN' MOANIN UPSTAIRS? THAT SAP SON-IN-LAW MUST STOP IT! YOU DONT CALL THAT MUSIC DO YOU?
PA, UNFORTUNATELY YOU HAVE NO SOUL FOR MUSIC AND NATURALLY YOU DO NOT APPRECIATE THE EXQUISITE TECHNIQUE CEDRIC HAS, HIS TOUCH IS WONDERFUL!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE TOUCH!
STOP! YOU SAP BEFORE I LOOSE MY TEMPER!
CHWellington

Radio Announcement

We are pleased to announce that we have been appointed exclusive dealers in this district for the

Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets

The Radio that runs from your light socket, and costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

The Q. R. S. Music Co., Toronto, are displaying a full range of 1927-1928 models at their exhibit at Toronto National Exhibition, (west end of Music Building).

Courteous attention will be shown, and expert advice given to all who may call there.

We shall also be glad to show some of these models at our store where you may see and hear this marvellous Radio Set.

A DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR HOME MAY BE ARRANGED AT ANY TIME.

Wilson's Hardware.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut 35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

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Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
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Important!

We are Authorized Dealer for

DeForest & Crossley Radios

'Phone 367 and make arrangements with us to install for you a new DeForest & Crossley Batteryless Radio, or, if preferred, one with batteries. We will demonstrate this machine without cost to you in the privacy of your own home.

We carry a full line of Eveready Layerbilt Batteries and Moximite Radio Batteries.

All Radio Sets must be licensed. Get your license from us.

We have one of the latest type Chargers to look after your Storage Battery.

Estimates free on application for wiring your home, or renewing old wiring.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heaters, Irons, Toasters, Percolators and Curling Tongs.

Beach and National Electric Ranges. Also Hot Plates.

The Hurley Superior Washing Machine.

Floor Polisher to rent $2.00 per day.

Premier Vacuum Cleaner to rent, $1.25 per day, 65c. half day.

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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

W. M. S. Meeting.

The Napanee Sectional meeting of the W.M.S. will be held in Grace United Church on morning and evening, of Wednesday, Oct. 5th. Miss Virgo, a missionary from China, and her native helper will give addresses both afternoon and evening. There will also be a helpful program in addition to the workers from China.

Napanee Poultry Association.

The regular meetings of the Napanee Poultry Association will be resumed on Monday, Oct. 3rd, in the Agriculture Hall, Dundas street, Napanee. As a number of important questions on poultry, both breeding and marketing, are being brought forward, it has been decided to have the Association meetings open to the public until the end of the year. Capt. Hughson, delegate to the World's Poultry Congress, will have some interesting and entertaining information regarding the congress.

An Election Necessary.

Hon. W. E. Raney, K.C., newly-appointed Supreme Court Justice of Ontario, handed in his resignation as member of the provincial legislature for the riding of Prince Edward, and automatically with his resignation Mr. Raney severs his connection with the Progressive-party, of which he has been leader since 1925. At the same time it makes vacant the riding of Prince Edward, in which Mr. Raney defeated Hector Colliver, Conservative, by a small mjority in the election of last December.

Free Wind.

Mr. C. A. Wiseman, of the Chevrolet garage, has recently installed a novel and handy apparatus for putting air in automobile tires. No tire tester is needed when using this machine. You simply attach the tube to the valve in the tire, set the indicator on the tank to the required pressure needed, and when a little bell attachment stops ringing, you know the tire has received sufficient air. This air service machine is very compact and occupies but little space on the edge of the walk.

Opening Session.

The opening meeting for the fall and winter months of the Mission Circle of Grace church was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Mills, Graham street, on Tuesday evening last, the president, Miss Emma VanAlstine, presiding. The meeting was marked with a goodly attendance of members and visitors and plans were made for the coming season. A short musical program was presented and light refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Sunday School Being Renovated.

Workmen are busily engaged at the work of renovating the Grace Church Sunday School. The primary class room is being remodelled, new stairs are being built leading up to the choir loft, the platform in the school room is being enlarged, two new lavatories are being installed and the entire Sunday school room is being repainted. An entire new electric lighting system is also being installed. When all these improvements are completed the school room will present a very tidy appearance.

N.C.I. Field Day.

The annual Track and Field Day of the Napanee Collegiate Institute, will be held this year on Friday next, Sept. 30th. The morning program of Field events will take place at the Collegiate grounds, beginning at 9.30 a.m., sharp. In the afternoon the Field events will be held at the Driving Park, commencing at 1.30 sharp. No admission fee is charged for either morning or afternoon events and the public is cordially invited to attend. Competition very keen this year in all classes and there should be a large attendance as possible to encourage the contestants. Napanee has always done well in the District Meet held each year in Kingston, and some very promising material for next year's competition will be seen in action on Friday. If the weather should be unfavorable, the Field Day will be held on the first suitable day after the above date.

Mr. and Mrs. Pappas Remembered

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. P. Pappas and family, who left on Sunday to reside in New Rochelle, N.Y., after being residents of Napanee for the past nineteen years, were the recipients of an address and gifts from a few of the many friends they have made during their residence in Napanee. The gift to Mrs. Pappas was a hat box, and to Mr. Pappas a club bag. Following is the address:

Napanee, Ont., Canada.

Sept. 23rd, 1927.

To Mr. Peter Pappas:

Dear Sir:—We, as few of your friends in Napanee, wish to express to you our sincere regret on the occasion of your leaving our town where you have resided for the past nineteen years, during which time you have successfully carried on business, and made for yourself a host of friends and well-wishers. We hope that you, your wife and family, will prosper in the new sphere in which you may decide to locate, and we wish you the best of good luck wherever you may be. As an earnest of our good wishes we ask you to accept as a farewell gift, a hat box for Mrs. Pappas and a club bag for your own good self.

On behalf of the donors:

Yours sincerely,

W. E. GAULT,
F. MILBURN,
F. HUFFMAN,
H. M. SCOTT,
F. JOHNSTON.

LIST OF DONORS:

J. J. Naphin, Geo. Tustin, A. S. Kimmerly, Reg. Wiseman, Geo. Ellis, J. Adams, D. H. Stinson, W. P. McLaughlin, J. H. Fitzpatrick, Geo. Masood, J. B. Gordon, J. J. Marshall, H. W. Huffman, Hum Wah, F. J. Roblin, Geo. Root, Mac Hogrington.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Conducted by Rev. A. E. Oliver, of Roblin.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public worship, conducted by the minister, Sermon, "Playing the Game of Life."
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Eucharist Congress.

Wonderland, Thursday, Sept. 29th, 1927, 8 p.m., in front of St. Patrick's R. C. Church. Tickets, 25c.

Fire at Marysville.

Fire, Sunday afternoon, destroyed the sheds of the R. C. Church at Marysville. The blaze, the cause of which is unknown, started shortly after 3 o'clock and in a short time the buildings were burned to the ground.

Is In Hospital.

W. J. Paul, an ex-member of the House of Commons, representing Addington, is a patient at the Kingston General Hospital, undergoing treatment for his eyes. He has many friends in Napanee and this district, who will wish him a speedy recovery.

Evening Classes at the Collegiate.

Providing a sufficient number of pupils will enroll, evening vocational classes will be opened in the Collegiate Institute. Full information in relation to these classes will be found in an advertisement appearing in another place in this issue of The Express. These classes should prove of advantage to a considerable number of our young people.

Corn Roast.

A large number of members of Napanee Chapter No. 151, Order of the Eastern Star, motored to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Henderson, Newburgh Road, Wednesday evening last, when a delightful social evening was held. A corn roast and pumpkin pie supper was greatly enjoyed by all present, after which a social hour was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were tendered a hearty vote of thanks by the members and friends present.

Lineman Injured.

Mr. John Hayes, lineman for the local Hydro Electric Commission, is confined to his home for a few days suffering from what might easily have been a more serious accident. He had ascended a disused pole, in front of the home of Mr. John Gleeson, in the west end of the town, for the purpose of cutting the wires from it. The old pole broke off at the butt and crashed to the ground, carrying Mr. Hayes with it. He received a severe shaking up, but fortunately no bones were broken and he expects to resume his work in a few days.

Died at Desoronto.

Mrs. William Fox, a highly respected resident of Desoronto, passed away at her home on Brant street on Sunday, Sept. 18. The deceased had been ill for some time and though her death was a shock it was not unexpected. Deceased leaves to mourn her loss, her husband and two daughters and a son. The funeral, which was a private one, took place from her late residence Tuesday morning last at ten o'clock and interment took place in Picton cemetery, Rev. Mr. Harrison of the United Church, conducting the service.

Rally Day Services.

The Sunday school rally day services in the United churches, which ushers in the fall at this time of the year, were held on Sunday and were marked with an unusually large attendance of pupils and visitors. Specially prepared programmes had been sent out from the Book Room, Toronto, and these were both interesting and educative. In Grace church the officers, teachers and school children gathered in the auditorium and interesting features of the programme being the promotion exercises and a very interesting address by Mr. L. S. Beattie, principal of the Napanee Collegiate Institute. Special music and addresses were given at all the rallies, and the thankofferings, which were received, will be devoted to the work of the Ontario Educational Religious Union.

St. Andrews' W.M.S. Sunday.

Those who attended St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, enjoyed the privilege of hearing Miss Clara Preston, returned missionary from N. Honan, China. She described the different ways of entering the province of N. Honan, situated north of the Yellow River. It has a population of from seven to eight millions for which the United Church has assumed responsibility. The language is that of the Mandarin, altogether different from that of S. China. After studying the language for a time in Pekin, Miss Preston became superintendent of the new hospital in Honan-fu. She described the difficulty of learning the language and preparing for examinations in the different subjects. Besides attending to the hospital work, Miss Preston assisted Mrs. Menzies to organize Sunday Schools and day schools for the children, knitting and study classes for the teen age girls, clubs for the boys and Bible study classes for the women-folk for the men. We grieve with her that the work of our missionaries in China has been disrupted for the present, but our prayer is that the native workers may carry on in their absence and that in a short time the missionaries will be permitted to return to their work. The hearty thanks of the members of the W.M. Society is due Miss Preston for her most interesting and instructive address.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Rally Day service 10.45 a.m.
Bethany Church: Rally Day service 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Second Quarterly Board meets at Bethany Church Monday, Oct. 3rd, at 8 p.m.

SALVATION ARMY.

Ensign and Mrs. Howe, Commanding Officers.

Special Harvest Festival services:
Saturday, 8 p.m.—Praise service.
Sunday, 10 a.m.—Directory Classes.
11 a.m.—Holiness service.
2 p.m.—Sunday School. This is Rally Day.
7.30 p.m.—Evangelistic service.
Monday, 8 p.m.—Harvest Sale. A hearty welcome to all.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Thanksgiving Service and Sermon.

Welcomed Home.

On Tuesday evening, September 13th, about forty relatives and friends of the bride gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl French, South Napanee, to extend to them a welcome home. An exceptionally pleasant evening was spent in cards and dancing. The guests left in the wee small hours wishing the youthful couple many years of success and happiness.

Memorial and Presentation.

Queen of Sheba, daughters of Rebekah held the memorial of the institution of Rebekah Oddfellowship on Monday evening, it being the 75th anniversary of that event. The program was made up of suitable items for the occasion. A quartette rendered musical selections, a tableau in respect to the ideals and emblems of oddfellowship was presented, and a paper on the Romance of Oddfellowship read. Jewels were presented to the Past Noble Grands of Queen of Sheba Lodge. Bro. Wilson presented one to Sister Helen Douglas, P.N.G., D.D.G.P., and Bro. Byrne Black presented the other to Sister Alma Wales, P.N.G., each sister making suitable replies. Bro. U. M. Wilson, P.C.P., very ably performed the duties of chairman.

The Late James Hicks.

The funeral of the late James Hicks was held at his residence, about one mile north of the village of Colebrook, on Wednesday, and was conducted by Rev. E. Smith, Free Methodist minister, of Odessa, assisted by Mr. Hicks' pastor, Rev. M. Mackenzie, and the Holiness Movement minister from Kingston. The remains were laid to rest in the White Church cemetery. Mr. Hicks was born, raised and lived his 88 years on the farm on which he died. He was a man of sterling character, one of nature's noblemen. He did not strive for honors or for the material kind, but lived his life Godfearlingly, steady in the faith of his parents. He is survived by his widow, who is 77 years of age, and who lives with her son, Charles, on the homestead; one sister, Ruth, who lives in Florida, and one brother, David, of Morven.

Napanee Couple Married 55 Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Sills, who have been residents of Napanee for a number of years, and who are widely esteemed by a wide circle of friends both in town and throughout the district, celebrated the 55th anniversary of their wedding on September 10th, and were the recipients of congratulations from many of their friends, near and far. Mr. Sills is at present seventy-six years of age and his life-long partner is seventy-four. Both are enjoying fairly good health at present. For a number of years they resided on the Sills neighborhood, a few miles from Napanee in the township of Richmond, and came to Napanee seven years ago to spend their declining years. The aged couple have been members of Grace United Church for many years. Mr. Sills being elected to the quarterly board on the completion of the church in 1872 and for these fifty-five years he has been continuously an honored member of the board, and has rarely missed a meeting. Of a family of six there are at present four living, Mrs. Will Ballance, of Strathcona, Mr. Garfield Sills on the old homestead, Mr. Wellington Sills, Adelpha street and Mrs. Elsworth Sills, of Toronto. The town and church are honored in having this venerable couple as residents and their many friends hope that they may be spared to enoy many future anniversaries.

"And whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him. Children obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord. Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons." Col. 3:17, 20, 21, 23, 25.

A BIBLE LOVER.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach at both services.

WEDDINGS

CASEMENT—BALLARD.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Paul's church, Kingston, at high noon, on Monday, September 19th, when Norma Gillis Ballard, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ballard, of Napanee, became the bride of Claire Coleman Casement, only son of the late George Casement and Mrs. Casement, matron of the Claremont Hospital, Belleville. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends by Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, rector of St. Paul's.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a French gown of powder-blue georgette, trimmed with silver lace and rhinestone buckles and silver grey hat, and wore a corsage bouquet of lily-of-the-valley. Her only ornament was a string of pearls, gift of the groom. She carried a white prayer book, the long streamers of satin ribbon, tied with rose buds that reached to the bottom of her dress, a gift of the groom's mother. Miss Dorothy Scott, as bridesmaid, wore shell pink georgette, with tight bodice, full skirt of chiffon velvet of darker shade and rose colored hat, and silver slippers. She carried a corsage bouquet of pink sweet peas. Wilbur Sherry acted as groomsman.

After the ceremony the bridal party motored to Napanee to the home of the bride's parents, where a dainty luncheon was served. The table was decorated with pink asters and snap dragon and pink streamers.

Mr. and Mrs. Casement left by train for Ottawa and eastern points.

FRENCH—YOUNG.

One of the most interesting events of the season took place on Tuesday, Sept. 6th, at St. Thomas' Church, Morven, when Elsie Eileen, youngest daughter of Mr. Annie Young and the late C. E. Young, of Morven, was united in marriage to Earl Franklin, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler French, of Deseronto, the Rev. W. G. Swayne, of Bath, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride, with ferns and cut flowers. Miss Irene French, sister of the groom, acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Hoag Wheeler supported the groom, while Mrs. W. G. Swayne presided at the organ.

The bride, wearing a gown of white crepe satin and carrying a bouquet of sweet peas, baby's breath and maiden hair fern, entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. Gordon Young, while the choir sang "The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden." The bridesmaid wore a dress of rose silk crepe, with hat and shoes to match and a corsage bouquet of sweet peas and maiden hair fern. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace, to the bridesmaid a white gold vanity case and to the best man a gold watch chain.

After the ceremony the guests to the number of fifty, repaired to the home of the bride's brother, where a dainty luncheon was served. Later the bride and groom left amid showers of confetti and good wishes, for a motor trip Chaumont, Oswego, Cape May, Atlantic City, Conn. The bride travelling in an ensemble of black and gold crepe with hat, shoes and purse to match and red fox fur.

The out-of-town guests were: Miss Myrtle Young, of Toronto; Miss Dana Turkington, of New York; Misses Mae Turkington and Martha Kasulki, and Messrs. William and Winston Turkington, of Napanee, and Sherwood Warnock, of South Manchester, Conn.

Automobile Accident.

While on their way home from attending the Mohawk Fair on Wednesday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maracle, Water street, had a narrow escape from serious injury. When nearing Desoronto, Mr. Maracle was driving the car, reached over to close one of the windows, with the result that the car went into the ditch at the side of the road. He was thrown violently against the wheel and received quite a shaking up. Mrs. Maracle was cut about the face and otherwise bruised. We are pleased to say they are both recovering.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

The first regular meeting of the Hospital Aid will be held on Friday afternoon, Sept. 30th, at 3 o'clock in the Public Library. A full attendance is requested.

It is reported that a rich vein containing gold, silver and lead several feet in width and extending over 200 acres has been discovered in Mayo township. Since the find of gold in Raglan township last year, prospectors have been scouting about. The discovery is in North Hastings.

Mr. Geo. Gibbard is in the Kingston General Hospital undergoing treatment for an infection of his left hand. Some few days ago Mr. Gibbard got a sliver in his hand, but did not anticipate a trouble. However, on Sunday, infection of the wound was feared and he was rushed to the hospital for treatment. Latest reports say he is progressing nicely.

Found guilty of arson by Judge Wills in the county court at Belleville on Wednesday last, James F. Fox, aged eighteen, was sentenced to the industrial school at Mimico until he reaches his majority. Fox was accused of burning the barn of George Brennan, farmer, residing on the fourth concession of Ameliasburg township, on August 19 last. His older brother, who was also suspected of complicity in the case, was acquitted.

WONDERLAND

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

ROD AND GUN.

WEDNESDAY ONLY.

A rare comedy carnival is in store for audiences who witness Johnny Hines' latest First National Picture, "ALL ABOARD."

Also a good comedy.

THURSDAY ONLY

At 8 p.m.

Eucharistic Congress under auspices of St. Patrick's church.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Lillian Elliott, widely known character actress who plays the part of Mother Heller in "THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS," Fox Films version of Harry Delf's comedy.

Also a 2-reel Western.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Rupert Julian's splendid production of "THE COUNTRY DOCTOR," said to be one of the best rural picture dramas produced since "Way Down East."

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.

Belleville, Ontario.

(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates.** Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.

Students may start at any time.

Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

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Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

Remember Dempsey?

Reputation is fleeting---

Fame passes overnight---

BUT Our better D. L. & W. SCRANTON coal gives that feeling of comfortable warmth that it is the ideal of every home. Buy it to-day---and every order you buy hereafter will be our D. L. & W. Scranton.---It's in a class by itself--- A CHAMPION.---Just Phone 92.

NAPANEE FUEL AND SUPPLY COMPANY

Formerly VanLuven's.

A BLACK BUSINESS HANDLED WHITE

EVENING

VOCATIONAL CLASSES

will be opened in the

Napanee Collegiate Institute

The following classes will be formed providing a sufficient number of pupils will enroll.

Typewriting, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Mathematics, English, Show Card Writing, Draughting, Dressmaking.

Classes will be held on TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS, from 7 to 9 o'clock

COMMENCING TUESDAY, OCT. 4th.

Enrol Now!

The Principal will be in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, September 29th, 30th, Oct. 1st, from 7 to 9 o'clock to enrol pupils, or answer questions regarding classes.

L. S. BEATTIE, B.A.,
Principal.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

Prompt Collections

AMONG the innumerable advantages of using the services of the Standard Bank to make your collections by draft, is the efficient promptness with which you may close transactions by placing the details in our hands. Owing to exceptionally favorable arrangements with our various agents, we are able to handle collections at minimum rates although our exclusive connections.

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NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, Manager
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Easy to make good bread with ROYAL YEAST CAKES

FULL DIRECTIONS ON EVERY PACKAGE

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN

His Courtship

(Continued from page 3)

his face—have you noticed? It is usually so remarkably heavy and unintelligent, but now and then when I unexpectedly catch his eye I find him gazing at me with an expression so keen and penetrating that I am startled, and then the moment he finds me looking at him he has a relapse—fails back into that hopeless imbecility! It is very extraordinary."

"Dear me!" said Daisy, surprised, "I had not supposed you would think him worth while, Georgiana."

"Every one is worth while, Daisy, when you get at his real self. As for Peter, he certainly does have intervals when his mind seems to awaken. He isn't quite so crude as the rest of the family either. I dropped a hatpin this

Georgiana with her serious views.

morning, and he fairly sprang across the room to pick it up for me. I was so surprised!"

"This," thought Kinross behind the logs, "is profitable. Memorandum—no more gallantry."

He wondered, with consternation, whether even his disguise were going to fail him.

"While he does speak in the provincial dialect," continued Georgiana, with careful discrimination, "his accent and his voice are not so harsh as those of the other people here. And he doesn't have that queer Pennsylvania Dutch inflection. When the others speak I never can tell whether they are asking something or telling something. But you can distinguish when Pete speaks."

"As a success," mused Kinross. "I'm a failure! Next thing they'll surmise who I am."

"By the way," Georgiana changed the subject with a disregard for the sequence of ideas that Kinross would have thought not possible to one so philosophical—"how about your letter this morning from Belle Dasher? Aren't you going to read it to her?"

"I'm afraid," Daisy answered doubtfully, "it will jar you, Georgiana, it's so sporty."

"Read it," Georgiana urged.

"Then don't blame me," Daisy warned. "You know what a corker Belle is!"

A rustle of stiff paper suggested to Kinross the opening of the letter referred to.

"I foresee the fate of Georgiana," Daisy glibly read, "when she comes home in the fall and meets our swell new prof., Dr. Peter Kinross. That carried. "My uncle thought it would be good mental discipline for me to read it, but—well, I haven't finished it, but no matter. Keep it as long as you like, Peter, I won't be selfish."

Peter received the book and read the title laboriously, like a small boy spelling out his words. "Some Facts About the Great Back-Boned Family." "What for a family's that?" he asked.

"Don't ask me. Read it yourself."

He handed it back to her. "Gimme an interestin' story and I'll read it."

"Peter," Daisy gravely admonished him, "have you no ambition to improve your mind?"

"I know enough to get along. What's the use of bothering' your mind with morawn than it?"

Daisy sighed with undisguised sympathy.

"I can understand, Peter," said Georgiana thoughtfully, "your preference for fiction rather than for a statistical, scientific work like that. No doubt you feel without fully comprehending it the more inward significance of facties that embody spiritual truths than of isolated hard facts about the Back Boned family which lead nowhere."

"Now," mused Kinross, "that wouldn't be so bad if she weren't talking to a farmhand. If only she didn't give herself over so entirely to her little pose of being superior," he thought ruefully, "she might be very attractive—she's so tremendously good looking. I wonder exactly what she would be like if she dropped it."

"Pete," said Daisy, "one of these days I want you to hire Abe's horse and buggy from him and take me for a drive and show me the country, will you? Of course I'll pay the price. Abe's so tight across the chest he'd never give it to us for nothing."

"Oh, Daisy," gently protested Georgiana, "what an expression! Instead of trying to give these people higher standards you would debase their taste to suit your low—yes, low—ideals."

"Economical!" Daisy corrected herself. "Abe's so economical, I mean. Will you take me driving, Pete?" she asked ingratiatingly.

The two ladies, engrossed in their reading, were suddenly startled by the sound of a long drawn yawn, coming apparently out of space.

"What was that?" cried Daisy.

"A tramp!" Georgiana whispered back with enforced calm. She never allowed externals to disturb her inward serenity, for it was possible for the soul to live on a plane above all outward things.

"Where?" demanded Daisy in a tragic voice.

"I don't know," said Georgiana.

Another prolonged yawn and the sound of rustling leaves very near.

"Behind those logs?" suggested Daisy fearfully.

"Let us go away," said Georgiana, speaking, it must be admitted, nervously.

"But in what direction shall we go? I'm not sure he's behind those logs."

"Look and see," begged Georgiana.

"It's up to you," declared Daisy with unexpected rebellion. "I'm afraid. I admit it!"

Georgiana cautiously rose and took a few steps to the logs. Dr. Kinross stretched his arms above his head and yawned ostentatiously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Georgiana. "It's Peter!"

"My gracious!" exclaimed Daisy's astonished voice. She sprang to Georgiana's side as Peter sat up.

"I was a-sleepin'—still," he said blinking and yawning.

"Did you hear what we were saying?" demanded Daisy. "And why are you out here, Peter? Why aren't you working with Mr. Morningstar and Abe?"

"I got it so bad in my head, I ast the boss to leave me have off this after. I had the headache, now, something wonderful. But," he added, rising, "I step it off. I'm some better."

He noted that Georgiana's eyes were upon the book he held.

"I'm goin' home now," he announced, taking a step away and checking himself in the act of lifting his hand to his old straw farm hat.

"It is getting a little late, we will go, too," said Georgiana, and Daisy followed her as she moved around the logs to the path where Peter stood.

"I got to hurry," said Peter, edging off. "Yous couldn't walk so fast."

"It won't be good for your headache to hurry, Peter," admonished Daisy, keeping at his side. "What is the book you have?"

Peter gave himself up to the inevitable and walked with them down the hill.

"This here?" he said, holding up a volume labeled "Vedantic Philosophy—Hatha Yoga—and Other Lectures by Swami Vivekananda."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Daisy, "wouldn't that rattle your slats? What is it?"

"I'll never tell yous. Want to read it?"

"I don't wonder you want to get rid of it. But don't offer it to me! Georgiana, what do you take me for, Peter? Miss Ellery might like it."

"Where did you get it, Peter?" Georgiana asked, looking astonished.

"Och," he answered disparagingly, "I borrowed the loan of it off of teacher, but there's too many big words in it."

He found that his disguise was giving him an assurance which he had never before felt in the presence of a girl. To be walking and talking with two young ladies without his customary sense of constraint was indeed a novel experience—and withal a highly agreeable one.

"Teacher?" questioned Georgiana. "The district school teacher? But it is vacation now."

"She boarded at our place and let 'em there off for the summer," said Peter, developing a talent for fiction which, if properly utilized, he felt might make his fame.

"How much of it have you read?" asked Georgiana, looking at him kindly.

"Och, I went to sleep the first couple pages a'ready."

"That may be because of your headache," she said encouragingly. She longed to discover a diamond in the rough in Peter.

"I will lend you this," said Daisy patronizingly, holding up the book she carried. "My uncle thought it would be good mental discipline for me to read it, but—well, I haven't finished it, but no matter. Keep it as long as you like, Peter, I won't be selfish."

Peter received the book and read the title laboriously, like a small boy spelling out his words. "Some Facts About the Great Back-Boned Family." "What for a family's that?" he asked.

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GET IT AT WALLACE'S

her when she had seen him return from his afternoon outing in company with the two young ladies—young ladies of his kind of people, of education, beauty, worldly knowledge, freedom from drudgery, everything which made a woman appear attractive, everything which she lacked.

Apparently he had been expecting the afternoon with them. Theirs was the privilege of looking upon him for hours together, of hearing the sound of his voice, of drinking in his thoughts about things (how hungry her own mind was to read all his thoughts and feelings), and—oh, bitterness!—they had all three come upon her when, weary and soiled and overladen, she was awkwardly tugging her heavy buckets across the garden. She had fancied his snowy hands had shrunk from touching his soiled ones as he took the buckets from her. The overwhelming sense of her own inferiority in the face of the contrast between herself and the boarders had been followed by a passion of inward rebellion that had left her physically exhausted. It had not yet spent itself as just now she lingered in the dusk by the spring house fence. Her heart burned within her with a feeling that she did not understand, for the passion of jealousy was to her as unknown as the passion of love. Her own blinding, consuming emotions were appalling to herself in their utter strangeness and newness.

He had said that he wished to assume a farmhand's disguise because he didn't want to associate with the new guests. Why, then, was he spending whole afternoons with them? Was he repenting him of his whim? And they, even though they thought him a mere farmhand, could not fail to find happiness in being with him, for farmhand or gentleman, he was himself.

The young ladies appeared to her very stupid not to recognize that he was not a farmhand. To be sure, they probably did not know many farmhands and so did not see how impossible it was, but they had only to compare him with Abe and his father to see the absurdity of it.

This evening, for the first time since he had come to the farm, she fell to wondering in a vague, indefinite way what was the mental image of herself whom he saw only at her drudgery, treated slightingly by every one, always looking hideous in her working clothes, shy before him even to cowardice. That day he had talked her with the newspaper he had evidently supposed that her starting and turning white had been caused by her fear of being caught in the act of disobeying her foster father. She had read his look of half contemptuous pity clearly enough, and it had served to increase her agony of embarrassment before him. Then his poorly concealed mockery at her not knowing about that great man, Andrew Carnegie—how that had mortified her! And now to heighten the effect of her own unconsciousness here were these well dressed, well looking, well educated and worldly wise young ladies daily before his eyes. Oh, if only she could creep into a corner and remain unseen while still not losing the bliss of seeing him! But, then, there was the ecstasy of having him occasionally speak to her. The few dozen words he had spoken to her in the times he had been with them were graven deep in her heart. Why should he seek to talk to her now and then if he utterly despised her—he who at first had meant to avoid even those two girls from the town by assuming a farmhand's garb? He never talked to Ollie. Why did he speak to her? True, their few encounters had been quite accidental. He had not sought her out. Perhaps he took the trouble to speak to her just because he was sorry for one whom every one else half despised.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps and voices. The two young ladies were coming toward her across the grass plot.

"Eunice!" cried Daisy when still a few yards distant. "Do you know where you be? I want to hire him to take us for a drive."

Eunice's heart beat thick in her breast. To see these pretty girls, their fair bodies daintily clad, their white hands having no ugly marks of rough work, their care free spirits bright with happiness—to look on and see them drive off into the summer twilight with him—she could not bear it! She would die!

"Where is he?" repeated Daisy. "I'm going to find him if I have to search all over the farm. It's such a dandy evening for a drive!"

"Did you hear me in the north cornfield?" Eunice asked, not glancing up.

"Way up in that north cornfield?" cried Daisy in consternation.

"You are sure he is there, Eunice?" asked Georgiana.

"It would be well for you to look there," the girl steadily replied.

"What proof can you offer that he's there, Eunice?" demanded Daisy. "I don't want to chase up there for nothing."

"If you have looked every place else, that's the only place he can be."

"That seems reasonable," Daisy grieved. "Is he mowing corn up there tonight?"

"No," Eunice was able to answer truthfully.

"Then what is he doing?"

"He may possibly be looking to see how the corn is coming on, but," she hastily added, "I can't prove it."

"Well," sighed Daisy, "come on, Georgie. We'll have to skate if we're going to get a drive tonight."

They went away, and Eunice was left alone to face her own chaotic thoughts. She leaned her elbows on the fence and pressed her palms against her burning cheeks to cool them. The sunset, palpitating and rich with color, seemed to her as she gazed out over the fields to the crimson horizon to mirror her own warm passionate heart.

She had lied to these young ladies! Not in actual words, but she had implied what had been false. Why had she done it? What good could it do her? And suppose he knew! A wave of shame enveloped her. The hands supporting her cheeks covered her eyes as though to shut out from her sight the disgraceful self she beheld. Could she ever look at him again after this?

(Continued on page 6).

TRAPPING A FLIRT

The Trap Didn't Spring the Right Way

By JOHN Y. LARNED

"Hello, Duncan! You look as radiant as a morning glory! Had a fortune left you?"

"Better than that!"

"What could be better than the sudden coming into a lot of money?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you."

This brief dialogue took place in the cafe of the S. club in New York. William Duncan led his friend, Edward Archibald, to a table, pushed the button for refreshments and said:

"Ten years ago I met a girl of sixteen—I was then twenty-six—who attracted me more than any one else I ever met. She was far beyond her age in some ways, most especially in flirting. I knew she was playing with me, but it didn't make any difference. I became infatuated all the same. Of course she was too young to be married, and we drifted apart, but I've never forgotten her, and it has been my intention never to marry unless I married my little sweetheart.

"But I have never since that time found it practicable to renew my suit. I have spent some years in South America, as you know, and more time in Australia. Besides, I have only recently come into a financial condition to enable me to marry. A few months ago I met an aunt of my sweetheart, who chided me for having won her niece's affections for pastime. I assured her that I would never marry any one else. Through the aunt we have been placed in correspondence, and I have just received her culminating letter agreeing to marry me on her return from Europe, which will be next month."

"Well, now, that's a romance and no mistake. I congratulate you heartily, old man; very heartily." And Archibald grasped his friend's hand in his vise-like grip. "May I ask the lady's name?"

"Ellison—Edith Ellison."

Archibald gave a slight start.

"Ever met her?" asked Duncan.

"No, but I've heard of her. She threw a friend of mine over her shoulder."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do, and, to make a confession, I've always had a desire to see her caught in one of her own traps."

Duncan looked grave.

"Oh, don't worry," said the other. "You should feel flattered. Doubtless the reason she has declined others is because she wanted you."

"That's comforting, I assure you. You say you would like to see her caught in one of her own traps. I plan occurs to me. Edith and I have not met for ten years. Did I say ten? It will be twelve next month. I'm not sure she will know me when she sees me. Suppose we go abroad, meet her as you as Duncan, I as Archibald—we're not unlike—and see if you can win her away from me."

"Now it is you who are flattering me."

"Nothing of the kind. If my personality won her originally it should hold her against all comers."

"I'm not so sure about that. Few girls of twenty-six would marry the man they admired at sixteen."

There were more talks between the two friends on the subject, and Archibald finally consented to go abroad with Duncan and on meeting Miss Ellison personate her fiance, while the real fiance personated Archibald. Duncan wrote her to delay her departure; that he would join her and come back with her.

It was December when the two friends started for Rome, where the young lady was spending the winter. Duncan had changed a good deal in twelve years. His wife had become very thin, and he was much heavier than formerly. He took with him a photograph of himself taken about the time he first met Miss Ellison, thinking he might have occasion to use it. He tried it on several friends, none of whom recognized it as a likeness of himself.

Archibald insisted that a letter be written to the lady in Duncan's name that he would not claim her as his betrothed or any privilege of a fiance until awhile after they had met. Time had changed him, and he thought it best that she should have an opportunity of seeing what manner of man he had become before feeling bound to him. This suited Duncan, and the letter was written.

One morning a card bearing the name of William Duncan was carried to Miss Ellison, who was staying with friends at a hotel in Rome, and Mr. Archibald followed the card. The lady advanced with outstretched hand, but stopped short.

"I am changed," said Archibald. "I knew you would be disappointed in me."

"Yes; you are changed, very much changed. I would not have supposed that a dozen years could make such a difference. But of course I am changed too."

"Very little, and whatever change there is in you has been an improvement."

"Permit me to return the compliment."

Mr. Archibald was ill at ease. He did not like the part he was playing and felt that the meeting lacked that warmth there should be between two persons who were intending to be married. But it was not long before Miss Ellison began to appear more like the change she found in him and seemed especially desirous for a return to the former feeling that had existed between them years agone. But she gave no hint that she expected the caresses to which lovers are privileged. This was a comfort to Archibald.

The day after this meeting Archibald informed Miss Ellison that he had brought a friend with him from America who knew no one in Rome. When about to start out with her to see the sights he asked permission to introduce him. This was granted, and Mr. Duncan was introduced as Mr. Archibald.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Archibald," said the lady. "Indeed, any friend of Mr Duncan's is a friend of mine if he cares to be such."

Duncan winced. There was not the slightest sign that she recognized her fiance. A party, the two men and the lady being among the number, was driven to the coliseum, then to the forum and other objects of interest, and during these visits Miss Ellison devoted herself to the real Archibald, leaving the real Duncan severely in the cold. She seemed inclined to get her presented figure away from the others and was not at all careful of her speech in referring to Duncan, who was much disgruntled at the success of the ruse and its position with reference to the latter.

"Your fat friend doesn't seem to be in a very good humor," she said loud enough for Duncan to hear. "What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, he's envious on the 'fat friend's' sightseeing with the others for that day. He disappeared while the party were exploring the forum and did not return."

Archibald mildly remonstrated with the lady, saying that his friend was a fine fellow, very sensitive, and his overhearing her remark had doubtless wounded him to the quick. Miss Ellison professed regret and promised if Archibald would bring the gentleman back she wouldn't do so any more.

That evening when the two men were together at their hotel Archibald had great difficulty in keeping Duncan from returning at once to America. "What's the use of my hanging about here?" the latter exclaimed. "The romance of ten years ago has gone up in smoke. Great Scott, man, I'm your fat friend!"

Archibald finally secured a promise from Duncan that he would see Miss Ellison once before returning to America, and when he did so she received him so graciously that he was sufficiently mollified to join a party for a visit to the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. On this occasion Miss Ellison shifted her favors from the spurious to the real Duncan. This was not to the former's satisfaction, and when the two met for dinner it was Archibald who would return to America.

"She's as much of a flirt," remarked Duncan, "as she ever was. It was born in her."

"What a fool I have been," replied Archibald, "to permit myself to be used in such a matter. I'm out of it from this time forward."

"I heard you promise to go with the party to St. Peter and the castle of St. Angelo tomorrow morning."

"Well, that shall be the last of it. I'm off the next day for Genoa and thence home."

At St. Peter's and St. Angelo the wind shifted again, and the spurious Mr. Duncan came in for all the favoritism. And so it was that Miss Ellison kept him under the eye of going home, first one, then the other, till it looked as if their friendship would not only be broken, but they would have each other's heart's blood.

One day a little note came, addressed to Mr. Archibald (for the real Mr. Duncan) from Miss Ellison, asking him if he could find it convenient to call upon her that evening. He accepted the invitation with alacrity and found the lady alone in her private parlor.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Archibald," she said, "to tell you that my engagement with Mr. Duncan, of which you are aware, must be broken. I should be obliged if you, as his bosom friend, would break it to him as gently as possible."

"So—you don't mean it?"

"I am dreadfully sorry, but I can't help it."

"Am I to tell him that there is another attachment?"

The lady cast her eyes on the floor. Then she suddenly threw her arms around her companion's neck.

"Will," she said, "what did you mean by foisting your friend upon me as you did?"

"You know me?"

"Yes; at once."

"But I've changed. I'm bald, and I've grown fat."

"You don't lost the smile that made me love you from the first moment I saw you when I was young. That smile, which denoted your inner self, is the same today as it was then, and it is that you I love as I did then."

That was the end of the ruse that was played, or, rather, attempted to be played, on Edith Ellison. She returned to America as Mrs. Duncan.

The lady met some time the friendship between the two men was not the same as before. Duncan bore no ill will whatever against his friend, but Archibald naturally kept very sore.

Before the lady accomplished what Duncan could not. She won over Archibald, and before the trio returned to America there was the best of feeling among all of them.

Heart Beats.

The bigger the body, the slower does the heart beat. The elephant's heart beats only 25 times a minute; that of a mouse, 600 times. The normal rate is 70 for men, 80 for women, 90 for youth, 140 for a new born babe, 150 for a rabbit and 170 for a mouse. Activity speeds up the beating of the heart. If you remain quietly in bed for a day or two you will have saved 20,000 beats.

The Milky Way, the white band across the night skies, is composed of myriads of stars.

The Cautious Motorist.

MacTavish had bought a second-hand car, and persuaded his next-door neighbor to come for a ride in the country.

They started off gaily enough, but the neighbor was installed to notice that at every roadside pump MacTavish pulled up and bought half a gallon of petrol.

"I say," he ventured, "why don't you fill up the tank and put an end to this stopping business?"

Mac regarded him for a moment. "Man," he answered gravely, "d'ye no ken we micht ha'e an accident, an' then a' the petrol would be wasted."

RADIO NEWS

WGY PROGRAM CORRECTIONS
(Eastern Standard Time)

Wednesday, Sept. 28th.

8.05 p.m.—American Trio.

8.30 p.m.—Program from Buffalo (Cancel Aeolian Program.)

9.30 p.m.—Leonard Gautier, baritone and Miriam Decker-tate, pianist (cancel Brazilian Mandolins.)

10.00 p.m.—WGY orchestra and Mrs. John E. Faulkner, contralto.

Thursday, Sept. 29.

7.45 p.m.—Ollie Yettru, pianist.

8.00 p.m.—"La Perichole," by National Light Opera Company.

11.00 p.m.—Jansson's Hofbrau Orchestra (New York).

Friday, Sept. 30th.

9.00 p.m.—Two one act plays, "Midnight Oil" and "The Second Story Man," by Frank Oliver, presented by WGY Players.

10.30 p.m.—"Songs of the City" by The Four Bards.

Saturday, Oct. 1st.

6.30 p.m. — Hotel Onondaga Orchestra, Syracuse.

7.30 p.m.—"The High Jinkers" (New York).

8.30 p.m.—New York program, including "Old Gold on Broadway."

11.00 p.m.—Hotel VanCurler Orchestra.

A little symphony orchestra, conducted by Leo Klwen will be heard Friday evening, October 7th, from WGY during the Fro-Joy hour. The soloist of the evening will be Frank Jetter, tenor, director of music in the Amsterdam Public Schools. Mr. Jetter is a pupil of Madame Isidora Martinez, of Boston, Mass., and a graduate of Dartmouth.

The program for the Fro-Joy hour follows:

"Stepping Stones".....Keen
"The Dutch Wooden Shoe Dance"
.....Trimkaus
"If Love Were Not" Clayton Jones
"Tristram and Iseult".....
.....Adolph M. Foerster
Frank Jetter,
"Humoresque".....Dvorak
"Fantasie Orientale".....Langey
Orchestra.
"Matin Song".....Sam Knowles Paine
"How Do I Love Thee.....
.....Henry K. Hadley
Mr. Jetter.
"The Forge in the Forest".....
.....Michaelis
Orchestra.

LET BUSINESS GO HANG

BY ERWIN GREER.

(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

It is rather wonderful, this view from my hotel window. The lake is wide and calm as the semi-classic for once and quote somebody, and the wind flicks the tiny wavelets in a way that warms my heart. Yep! I'm going to continue my trip tomorrow and stop to fish at some jolly little stream. Its waters cold as Boreal Bluff water brings back memories of fish and Prohibitionists.

You who have watched the golden juice of the grape "shining" up and down the hollow stem of a wine glass, and felt its glorious kiss run through its veins, know—that, as a beverage, beer is a failure. Thank goodness they haven't taken gasoline away from us yet—and yet. When they do the first hundred years of a man's life will be mighty hard.

When you contemplate going on a tour you first think about where you are going, what you are going to take along and what condition your car is in to make the trip. As you go over the car, cleaning and inspecting it, a lot of the tools you are going to carry will suggest themselves. For instance, the following list is essential: Tire chains, jack, rim wrench, tire pump, valve tool, universal joint, screw driver, all wrenches belonging to the car, two monkey wrenches, large and small, pliers, tire gauge, small vise to clamp on running board, small and large file, short handled axe, tow rope, grease gun and can, small funnel, ball of twine, trouble lamp and pocket ammeter. The list is practically complete, and now ordinary repairs can be made with these tools. Now comes the spare parts—two tires and inner tubes, two cotton tire covers, can of gasoline, quart can of engine oil, a can of grease, and a small can of kerosene, blowout patch and tire repairing outfit, extra valve caps, spring, headlight bulbs and taillight bulbs, 10 feet insulated wire, roll of tape, extra spark plugs, pumpkin of wash soda, weight of gaskets to fit car, radiator hose, extra fan belt and an assortment of cotter pins, nuts, lock washers, wood screws and nails.

In wrapping these things they should be packed so that they will not rattle, the tape in the pockets of the car and under the seats, ready to be located at a moment's notice.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

Mr. Aubrey Perry, Toronto, is spending a month with his aunt, Mrs. E. Lasher.

Those attended the Mohawk Fair on Wednesday.

Mrs. Hayes, Roblin, and Mrs. Fred Young and son, Karl, called on Mr. and Mrs. O. Young on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Robertson and children spent Sunday at Mr. Fred Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith and daughter, Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Robertson and children called at Mr. Scott's, Deseronto, on Sunday.

H. W. SMITH

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.

OFFICE—Centre Street.

PHONE 61

His Courtship

(Continued from page 5)

"What led you to think I was up in the north cornfield?"

Out of the stillness and dimness of the evening a voice close beside her asked the question—his voice.

She did not uncover her eyes, she did not move. He was there beside her! He had overheard her telling those girls to look for him in that impossible north cornfield, a quarter of a mile away! He had been standing, no doubt, just within the spring house and had heard her utter those lies. He had surely recognized that they were lies, though her spoken words had not been literally untrue.

"I didn't tell them you were there," she faintly answered.

"Why, you sent them up there to find me, didn't you?" he asked, his tone puzzled.

"Yes," she confessed like a guilty child.

"Well, didn't you think I was there?" She shook her head.

"You didn't? Then why in thunder did you make them think I was?"

"Because—that's where I knew you wouldn't be." The words seemed dragged from her against her will.

He appeared to puzzle over it a bit. What he really was thinking was that perhaps he had now stumbled upon the solution of the mystery of this maiden. To offer as an explanation of her having sent those girls to look for him in the north cornfield that she knew that's where he wouldn't be

"What led you to think I was up in the north cornfield?"

—evidently she was not quite right in her mind.

But another idea occurred to him.

"Ah!" he said. "You wanted to give them a false scent, knowing that I prefer to keep to myself?"

It was a beautiful explanation. For a moment she half believed that was why she had sent them to the north cornfield—to protect him from their unwelcome society. Anyway, it was infinitely comforting to have him think so, instead of knowing her real reason. What was her real reason? She could not have defined it, even to herself.

He seemed waiting to hear her confirm or deny his surmise. But she did not speak.

"It was very kind of you," he presently added, "to want to oblige me."

Her face burned hotter. She had an impulse to turn to him and undeceive him—to tell him the disgraceful truth. But what was the truth? Why had she wished to keep him away from the two girls?

It was her entire ignorance of life that made it so impossible for her to understand her own quite primitive emotions.

"I was clever of you, too," he chuckled. "The north cornfield! I'd be just as likely to be at the north pole, wouldn't I?"

Kinross was, in fact, gratuitously assuming that she had wished to return his favor to her in having averted her foster father's wrath upon finding her with the forbidden newspaper.

Eunice was conscious of the fact that, while in her heart she felt ashamed of what she had done, she was throbbing with joy at having done it, for was he not here alone with her in the summer evening? She exulted madly in her guilt.

"I would never have dreamed you capable, little Eunice, of such subtlety," he went on, and she could feel the amusement in his voice. "To think of those two poor girls scouring that cornfield in search of me! And you look so harmless!"

He gave a short laugh as he put his pipe to his lips.

Was he really so glad, she wondered, at having escaped them? The thought was followed by an apprehension which clouded her joy of the moment. If he was fond of being alone, her own presence here must annoy him, but he had come to her. She had not intruded upon him.

"I must go indoors now," she suddenly said, her low sweet voice scarcely above a whisper, as she drew back from the fence.

"Must you? What for?" he asked, and her hungry heart felt for and imagined a note of regret in his tone.

"I don't have to—if—if it doesn't annoy you for me to be here."

Again to Kinross' ear that something in her speech so unlike that of the rest of the family! So arrested was he by it that for an instant he did not answer her question. His silence was answer enough for her, and again she quickly stepped away from the fence.

"No"—he abruptly stopped her—"you don't annoy me."

He was struck with the absurdity of his telling a young woman that her society did not annoy him. He saw in the dimness how her face lighted up at his words, and a quick compassion stirred him.

"Poor, lonely child!" he thought.

For a Delightful Treat
WRIGLEY'S NIPS
Delicious after smoking—sweetens the breath, soothes the throat and makes the next smoke taste better.
After Every Meal

But in the same instant he realized that her sudden radiance was clouded over by her habitual pensiveness.

"I'm not important enough to," came her response in a low, sorrowful voice. "Am I?"

He turned and looked at her. "Now, Eunice," he asked after an instant's weighing of it, "just what do you mean by that?"

"A kitten or a poodle would annoy you more than I, so you don't feel obliged to dodge about to be rid of me as you do of—others—who are more important."

Hello! She had found her voice; she was become articulate! Was that a note of bitterness he caught in her words?

"I will go indoors now," she repeated, with a melancholy dignity, as again she drew back from the fence.

He had an impulse to urge her to stay. There was an undefined impression in his mind that he wanted to question her about herself. But both the impulse and the impression were too vague to urge to prompt action, and before he could clarify them she was gone.

Eunice meantime, as she sped across the orchard, was already regretting passionately that she had left him. If she did not annoy him was not that enough for her to expect? Why had she not remained to drink in at least the happiness of being near him? And what did it matter if to him her existence was as that of a fly?

"He was speaking to me—to me—and I came away!"

She stopped short in her quick walk and half turned to go back. Her eyes fell upon two figures just coming into the orchard and walking toward the spring house. They were the young ladies, and they had spied Pete where he still stood by the fence. Daisy's rippling, shallow laughter floated to her on the quiet evening air. She stood still and waited. Would Dr. Kinross go away when he heard them coming? Yes, he was moving off, though escape was not very easy. She heard Daisy call to him to stop him. She saw him hesitate, then turn back and wait. Daisy ran up to him and caught hold of his shirt sleeve, Georgiana followed with slow, stately grace.

Presently the three of them went across the orchard together toward the lane that led to the hill. Were they going to climb the hill together? The sunset view from there was very fine. It was the one spot in all the region that was dear to her, because here, in solitude, she had known some hours of peace and even of happiness, and the place had come to seem to her now very own. What love those girls were going there with him—to her hill.

She shrank back into the shadow of some trees as they came near enough to see her.

"It's a good deal of a climb," she heard Dr. Kinross say in a tone of warning.

"I'm game!" Daisy declared. And then they moved out of her hearing.

She watched them on and they entered into the road and went up the lane until they disappeared around a bend at the foot of the hill.

Her bosom rose and fell in a long deep breath as at last she turned away and slowly, with her head wearily drooping, walked through the garden to the kitchen porch and went into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOUR mother wouldn't leave me go, Abe, you know that, even if I wanted to stay."

"Yes," said Abe bitterly, "even if you wanted? That's the way you put it, ain't? And you don't want. If you'd make your mind up, Eunice, that you wanted to go, don't you know that mom she wouldn't have the darr to stop you? Because you're got your age, and if mom tries to boss you you have the right to say 'and tell her, I don't have to.' It's time you knowed that once!"

Eunice looked at her foster brother and would be lover with sudden attention. They were in the spring house, he standing in the doorway and barring her exit, and she, with her daily burden of butter, cheese and milk for the dinner table, waiting anxiously to be allowed to pass.

"Have I the right, Abe, to follow my own will?" she asked, with a repressed bitterness which Abe instantly interpreted as referring to his invitation for her to go with him next day to the circus in town. "I didn't know that, Abe!"

"You're your own boss when you're eighteen a'ready!"

"But your mother and father support me," she reasoned, repeating the lesson which had been ground into her ever since she could remember anything, "and so have a right to control me, haven't they?"

There was an anxious wistfulness in her eyes which thrilled her baffled and discouraged suitor with hope.

"Don't you earn your keep and a good bit over where [which] you don't get? If they had a hired girl do half what you do, still they'd have to give her two a week."

"But, then, I am working for them now to pay for the years they supported me when I was too little to work."

"Och, Eunice, you was always wonderful dumm! There ain't no time since you was five years old a'ready that you ain't earnt all it cost to keep you, and them couple years before that when you was too little—well," he said mysteriously, "I could tell you somepin if I wanted—somepin where would make you say to mom and pop pretty quick, 'I don't have to.' They had ought to be purjin' you wages. It ain't right they don't."

"Tell me what you mean about those two years of my childhood."

Abe hesitated. "Pop would jaw me somepin turrible if I done you. You just wait. Some time I'll tell you mebbe. But now," he urged, "if you're got any spunk you up and tell 'em you're goin' along with me to the circus in town. Ain't you will, Eunice? Och, go on!"

He attempted a clumsy caress, but she drew back. Abe scowled angrily.

"Look at here, Eunice. You might be glad I wanted to keep comp'ny with you!"

"Why?" she asked, with a childlike wonder, as though the proposition were a curious one.

"Ain't I goin' to be well fixed till pop's deceased a'ready?" he demanded. "And look at the good times you could have off of me, bugsy ridin' Sundays and goin' to circuses and all. When does a girl ever get any fun without a gen'man friend to run with her? And it ain't everybody fixed like me would want to keep comp'ny with you, neither—with pop and mom so down on my runnin' with a girl where won't have no aunsteer. You won't bring me none," he said resentfully. "Nothin' but my pop's and mom's spite! Yes, you might be glad, anyhow, I want you!"

Eunice regarded him thoughtfully, but made no answer.

"Can't you see it fit that there way?" he persisted.

"But I could not let any man sacrifice so much for me, even if I did want to marry him."

"There you go agin!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Even if you did want, you say! I can't see why you don't want to. Hard work and no fun and end she'd mebbe save me more'n if I married another one where had money, but where wasn't contented to be no spendin' and goin'." As he spoke them arguments to myself, still, a'ready, when I thought of your not bringin' me any aunsteer—and them same reasonings would weigh with pop and mom, Eunice," he urged cunningly.

"I do not doubt it, Abe."

"Then you'll go with—to the circus?" he pleaded. "Ain't?"

"No."

"I'll take your part ag'in pop and mom. Ain't you got any spunk? Or don't you like circuses—or—that?"

"I'm not afraid of your mother and father, though your mother's loud complainings often weary me—when I lis-

ten to them; but, Abe, I can't let you spend money taking me pleasure seeking when I don't intend to marry you."

According to the Pennsylvania Dutch social standards, any decision on the part of the girl would have been perfidious, inasmuch as acceptance of an invitation to go with one's "gent'man friend" to a circus was tantamount to acceptance of a proposal of marriage.

"I'd like to know," said Abe sullenly, "how you expec' to do any better."

"Would you, Abe? I'll tell you," she said gently. "I'd do better by trying down across the railroad tracks and letting the cars run over me."

She made another quick move to pass him, for Mrs. Morningstar's shrill tones were shrieking her customary command to girl to stop dawdling there with her Abe and come in with them "wittles."

For any least attention paid to her by the son of her foster parents Eunice was always made to suffer, it being assumed gratuitously that the penniless girl and not the prospectively rich youth did the love making.

But Abe was spellbound with amazement at such startling speech from the usually meek and submissive girl that he did not hear or at least did not heed his mother's voice. As Eunice forced her way past him the close contact of her body sent the fire through his veins, and he seized her about the waist and pressed his lips to her cheek —just as his mother, in a rage, struck to the spring house door and as Dr. Kinross, with his books concealed in an old basket, was surreptitiously returning by a back way from his morning's outing.

"You little hussy!" cried Mrs. Morningstar. "Go in and tend to the dinner and leave our Abe be!"

"You leave me be, mom," retorted Abe, loudly and confidently, but his mother, not stopping to discuss the matter with him, walked after Eunice into the house, her angry upbraidings following the girl into the kitchen.

"Now, you ungrateful creature the damsel is not to turn on that woman and resent her abuse!" Dr. Kinross thought, with mingled compassion and impatience, as he slowly followed them on his path to the house.

Meantime Abe, still tingling from the joy of his stolen embrace, was hastily examining something that he had found in the spring house which had excited his jealous suspicion. While he had been waiting for Eunice to come to the spring he had accidentally discovered, sticking under the door sill, an envelope addressed to Miss Eunice Morningstar. Now, judging from his own feelings toward the girl, he did not see how any man's eyes could rest upon her and not desire her, and he had therefore leaped to the instant conclusion that this was a love letter to Eunice from "that dude towner," as he privately characterized Kinross.

A rage of hot jealousy had swept over him and he had been about to tear the envelope into bits when the sudden appearance of Eunice in the doorway had caused him quickly to conceal it in his pocket, to be examined or destroyed later.

So, while his mother was driving the girl into the house with her reproaches, he, lingering in the spring house, was tearing open, with hands that shook, the letter addressed to another.

His jaw dropped in amazement as he saw the name subscribed at the end of the sheet. Henny Muckleheimy. His sister Ollie's beau! What could be be writing to Eunice for? Did he want to be a bigamist? With a curiosity equal to his jealousy Abe read the brief epistle.

Dear Eunice.—There's a misunderstanding. I don't mean Ollie; I mean you. But when I begun to say last Sunday, Ollie she took it for herself. But it ain't her. It's you. It don't come easy to explain her I don't mean her. She'd take on some hard, I can see it at her how she favers me a good bit, me bein' so welfixed and could be a good purvider. I wanted to keep company with you ever since I seen you on church children's day. It was back a'ready. Well, that Sunday you was on church once, ain't? When you come in church, some one says it was Miss Eunice Morningstar. I says to myself, of course not out loud. I know it is and she looks so pretty, I believe I love her. Anyhow you can write to me and tell me about it. I paid one night to find out if you was the right one. I gave a quarter in the collection when you was in church. God loves a cheerful giver. Well, I had to stop now. You will write to me now, ain't? If I spell diffrunt, I'm spelling simplified. Cordially your lover,

HENNY MUCKLEHENNY.

A look of cunning settled about Abe's mouth as he finished his surreptitious reading. It was no slight shock to discover that he had so strong a rival as Hen Muckleheny. Nevertheless he felt quite equal to coping with him.

Without an instant's hesitation he tore the sheet and the envelope into tiny bits. "She won't never see that! And when he comes Sunday and she ain't round he'll think she's discouragin' him and he'll lose heart. And then mebbe he'll take to Ollie fur all I know. Anyhow I don't intend to sit up with her, because he ain't got cheek enough to tell her it ain't her he means."

A few moments later Kinross, at the ringing of the dinner bell, ostentatiously joined the other men at the pump to wash his face and hands and comb his hair before coming to the table. Such performances were part of his disguise as a farmhand, but today it defeated its own ends, for the two young ladies, coming into the kitchen from the front porch, where they had spent the morning in unmasking the rockers, made note of the fact that when Pete took his turn at the kitchen pump he did not use the family towel on the roller, but carried his own towel on his arm, and comported himself with his own pocket comb instead of using the family comb which always lay on the window ledge, convenient for the use of every one.

"Now, hurry on here, Eunice," prompted Mrs. Morningstar, bustling to and from the stove in the outer kitchen to the dinner table, "and make things on the table quick. Och," she threw a remark to the young ladies who waited on the settee, "I've just done the breakfast cooking, it's time fur dinner a'ready. And it's so hard to know what to cook all, too, fur you towners. And today it was every thing now scarce. The lard was all and the pies was run out and the bread stale. And here this morning I gev Doc fur his breakfast fat cakes with coffee over and he sayed, now that he certainly don't want. So he eat balony, where I bought off of Jake Eckstein's meat car. That there balony I don't like—they say Jake he puts most anything in it! But Doc he eat it."

"Doc?" repeated Daisy inquiringly. "But he's not a towner."

"Och," said Mrs. Morningstar in confusion, "I don't mean to say he's just a towner. But he's near as sneaky about his wittles as if he was one."

Daisy at once seized her notebook. "Sneaky?" Does that mean cheicy? How perfectly killing!"

"Eunice," Mrs. Morningstar again shrieked, "fetch them pie out of the oven! Och," she volubly continued to her boarders, "I couldn't get a donkey of a new stove to work today and them pie ain't good baked all. I have only twelve fur our Sunday, too, and that ain't enough for the size of pie we eat."

"I'm sorry you find it so troublesome to cater for us, Mrs. Morningstar," said Georgiana. "But take comfort, there are some essentials of diet that one can never find so good in town as on a farm—butter, for instance."

"Yes, well, but," Mrs. Morningstar shook her head doubtfully, "the butter ain't good on the farms all. Not like ourn. Eunice," she called shrilly to the outer kitchen, "make over the coffee now and put an extry spoonful yet in and use the big pot—the little one is yet so soon full. Young towners," she explained to the young ladies, "likes your coffee so strong that way. Well, I like it when it tastes good, too—coffee—especially by the such cold winter weather. But," shaking her head, "not so strong like yous take it. Yes,

AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Mrs. Dayman Gives Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the Credit

Colborne, Ontario.—"When I was first married I was very thin and weak. The doctor said I was weak and would never be able to have a child, but I did, and from the time my baby came to me I suffered all the time and doctored and took much medicine. Life became a burden, and doctors said an operation could help me, but my husband was opposed to that. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine advertised, so I told my husband that I thought I would try it, that I might get some relief. I had not taken one bottle when I could feel it helping me. I took five bottles and had better health. Now I have three girls and a boy and have done my work up to confinement. I am now at the Change of Life and owe my good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I take a bottle when I think I need it."—Mrs. Susan Dayman, R. R. No. 5, Colborne, Ontario.

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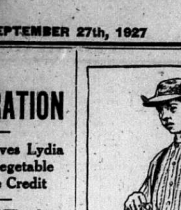

Without an instant's hesitation Abe tore the sheet.

There is only one way to kill all the Flies

This is it—Darken the room as much as possible, close the windows, raise one of the blinds where the sun shines in, about eight inches, place as many Wilson's Fly Pads as possible on the plates (properly wetted with water but not flooded) on the window ledge where the light is strong, leave the room closed for two or three hours, then sweep up the flies and burn them. See illustration below.

Put the plates away out of the reach of children until required in another room.

The right way to use Wilson's Fly Pads

had begun to wait upon her with significant regularity every Sunday night she was feeling encouraged.

Eunice was seated near her at one of the windows, an open Bible on her lap.

She was not like Ollie, dressed in her Sunday clothes. The truth was Eunice did not have any Sunday clothes. But the fresh gingham kitchen gown of dark blue which she wore, with a bit of cheap lace around her neck, threw out the fairness of her face and hair and did for her what all Ollie's finery could not do for that young woman's fat, round visage.

A few feet away, in the open doorway leading out to the porch, Dr. Kinross sat smoking a pipe and reading a Sunday paper. Unlike Mr. Morningstar and Abe, he did not celebrate the day of rest by sitting about in a toilet consisting of Sunday pants, a white shirt without a collar and no vest or coat. He wore his overalls as usual.

His reading of his newspaper was varied with speculations as to why Eunice so industrially read the Bible. Was she devout? He had always believed that he had a constitutional dislike of devout people—unless they were Roman Catholics, in which case they were rather picturesque. But evangelical devoutness, even in the illiterate, from whom one expected no better, was generally nauseating. Or was it the girl's general hunger which led her to read the only book permitted on the Sabbath to any one over whom Mr. Morningstar had any authority?

Ollie Morningstar was regarding with pride the furnishings of the best front room. Her parior boasted of some elegancies that no other parior in the township possessed, for besides the inevitable plaster of paris cat and grazy jug (the latter consisting of a large sized bottle covered with putty and sprouted with various objects such as buttons, beans, pieces of glass and so forth, and the whole gilded over to produce a wonderful effect) there was the large, elegant colored picture—Swift & Co.'s advertisement of lard—portraying two great, fat, oval hogs leaning drowsily against a fence, with a inviid sunset in the background. Ollie thought it lovely, though of course not as beautiful as "Rock of Ages" framed in red plush and gilt, representing a young lady in a nightgown hanging to a cross, the angry billows dashing against the rocks on which she kneels and her long and remarkably abundant hair flowing in ripples far down her back. These things were among the compensations of Ollie's sordid lot.

Presently her complacent expectation and the reading of Kinross and Eunice were interrupted by Georgiana and Daisy, who strolled into the parior and seated themselves. Daisy on the front doorstep near Peter and Georgiana on the window sill beside Eunice. Georgiana carried over her arm the skirt and waist of a pretty white gown. She and Daisy, having held counsel and reasoned that the girl Eunice must feel her shabbiness in contrast with Ollie's gorgeousness, had decided to offer her a few of their own garments, beginning with the white dress of Georgiana's.

"It may serve to develop the girl's latent aesthetic sense to give her some pretty clothes," Georgiana had suggested. "Tasteful clothing is often really educative."

"Yes," Daisy had gravely agreed, "and I can imagine that Eunice might look awfully fetching if she sported up.

But," she added rather fretfully, "I suppose she will have no such inducement to sport up out here—with not a man about the place that isn't as woozy—excuse me, Georgiana—but that Eunice is too nice looking to care for Abe. Have you noticed how stuck on her he is? She'd be an awful goose to throw herself away—as nice looking as she is—on a fellow as tight across the chest as he is—as any one can see he is! Ugh!" Daisy shook her shoulders with a shudder. "If I had to marry a man with a nature like that—close and mean, you know—I'd get up some night and gently lay a wet towel over his nose and mouth. Then, you know, he'd be dead next morning. To be sure," she went on, "there's Pete—she might sport up for him—but he's such an indifferent thing! Give him his meals and that's all he wants. He doesn't look at girls. Not even at me—after I stooped to condescend to jolly him a little!"

"You entirely miss my point, Daisy, dear," Georgiana had returned gravely. "My object in offering Eunice a pretty gown is to try to awaken in her a sense of the beautiful on a much higher plane than that you talk about."

Seated on the window sill beside the object of her benevolent intentions, Georgiana led up tactfully to the matter of her gift.

To be Continued.

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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO. Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

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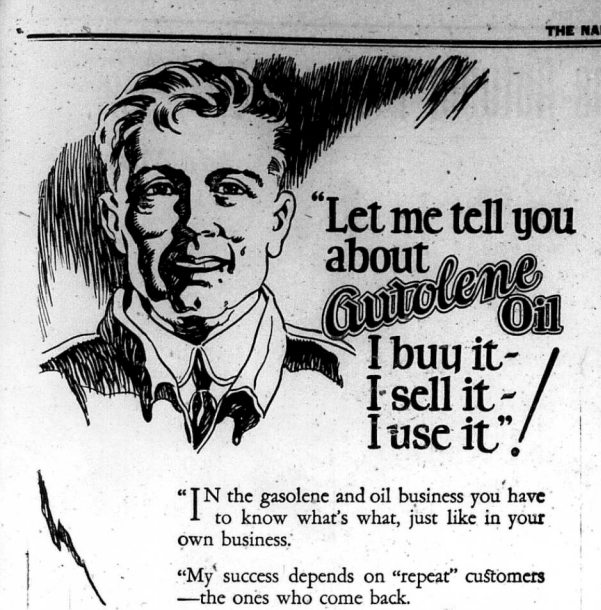

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Establishing a Trust

It Was Accomplished In a Roundabout Way

By SARAH BAXTER

"Is Mr. Brummager at home?"

A maid in a trim white and black uniform admitted a tall, spare man with mutton chop whiskers cut away from his chin at an angle of forty-five degrees, a bald head and a crafty eye and showed him into a living room where sat a man in a cushioned chair with one bandaged foot on a rest, evidently a case of gout.

"Mr. Brummager?"

"Yes, sir, I'm Brummager."

"I am Stephen Keenege of Grindstun, Sharp & Keenege, attorneys, who have been handling the case between you and Mrs. Thistleton. I have called to say that the dispute must be settled at once or Mrs. Thistleton will enter upon new legal proceedings that will tie the matter up for many years more, at the end of which, I fear, both your estate and hers will have been wiped out from court and attorney fees. In order to avoid this disastrous ending I have come to offer on the part of Mrs. Thistleton to put the two properties in trust under one management for ten years, at the expiration of which time the trustee is to divide the whole into two parts"—

"Ten years!" growled Mr. Brummager. "And you suppose I'm going to live forever? I'm eighty years old. No, sir. I'm ready to let my property go to the dogs, but I'll not put it out of my hands for ten minutes, to say nothing of ten years."

A young man entered the room at this juncture with some letters he presented to the old man for his signature. Mr. Brummager introduced him to Mr. Keenege as his grandson, Edwin Brummager, adding, "Ned will have my property after my death and will carry on this litigation for a hundred years longer if necessary, and you may as well tell Mrs. Thistleton."

Mr. Keenege had heard such threats before and paid no attention to this one. His eyes were fixed on the grandson, who was a clean cut, handsome young fellow of about twenty-three. What the lawyer was thinking about he did not say, but an idea, a plan, a something was evidently working in his brain.

"Very well, Mr. Brummager," he said, rising: "I have informed you as to the result of these new proceedings. I can do no more. I bid you good morning."

Mrs. Thistleton, aged sixty, was at home reclining on a lounge, for she was troubled with a bad liver, while a girl of eighteen read to her, when Mr. Keenege's card was brought to her. The gentleman was shown into the room. The girl laid down the book, and the lawyer spoke.

"Ahem, Mrs. Thistleton! I have played my last card with Mr. Brummager and failed to win the game. He is determined to fight on to the end. Your resources are exhausted. You have no more ready money with which to carry on your suit, and the result will be that your estate will pass into Mr. Brummager's hands at a low valuation, and he will reap the benefit of your loss. I see but one firm way to be obliged to surrender the management of your interests for want of funds."

"Is there no way of effecting a compromise?"

"None that you would accept."

"What do you mean by that?"

"There is a method which might be tried. Mr. Brummager is a superannuated man. A man of his age who has no woman to bolster him up is vulnerable in his desire for companionship. You are, compared with him, a young woman. If you could be induced to end this litigation by a marriage with your opponent"—

"Oh, heavens! A bed ridden woman to marry an octogenarian! Could there be anything more than that?"

By this time Mr. Keenege had formed a definite plan to end litigation in a case where there were no more funds to pay his fees, and he did not leave his client till he had exacted a promise that she would "think about it." Then a month passed before she consented to permit him to say to Mr. Brummager that she would consider a proposition of marriage from him. The day she came to this decision she was too ill to see the attorney and sent a message to him by her niece, Adele Hathaway, announcing her surrender.

"Miss Hathaway," said the attorney, "this is a very important matter. If the plan I have formed is successful your aunt will be rich. If not she will be beggared. May I count on your assistance?"

"My assistance?"

"Yes. I have a crusty old man to work upon as well as an invalid old lady."

"How unromantic!"

"Romance is never entirely obliterated from the human heart. But old age requires stimulant in this as well as in physical matters. The stimulant in this case must be supplied by youth, in which romance is strongest. I desire to present a letter from your aunt to Mr. Brummager accepting a proposition from him"—

"But no such proposition has been received."

"It will come. I wish you to write the reply, such a reply as you would send to a lover whom you were desirous to accept."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

This feminine method of expressing surprise had no effect on the lawyer. He gave the young lady to understand that the marriage he contemplated was largely in her hands. Taking from his pocket the photograph of a handsome young man, he showed it to her and asked her what she thought of it.

"Perfectly lovely," was the reply.

"Very well. Fancy that he has proposed to you; then sit down and write an acceptance."

A number of acceptances were written, none of which was satisfactory to the lawyer, who desired more warmth. Finally one was written that pleased him. Miss Hathaway signed her aunt's name to it. Mr. Keenege put it in his pocket and withdrew.

The attorney's next move was to call up Mr. Brummager and ask him if he could conveniently call at his office, well knowing that he could not. The result was that Edwin Brummager was sent in his place. The young man was ushered into Mr. Keenege's private office.

"Young man," said the lawyer, "if you expect to inherit any property from your grandfather I would advise you to aid me in a scheme of getting rid of this lawsuit by his marrying my client. If by so doing you preserve your grandfather's fortune, instead of being a beggar you will be rich when he dies."

Young Brummager proved an easy convert to the plan. Mr. Keenege showed him the letter purporting to have been written by Mrs. Thistleton and told him to show it to his grandfather, confessing that he had made the proposal in the old man's behalf without his knowledge. If Mr. Brummager, Sr., was agreeable the young man was to return for further instructions. He came back to report that his grandfather had been so delighted at the letter he had received that, notwithstanding his gouty foot, he had jumped from his chair and danced about the room. The old man had then commissioned his grandson to carry on in his name any further needed correspondence and "make it as loving as he could."

Mr. Keenege then placed Edwin at a desk, stood the photograph of a very pretty girl before him and told him to write a proposal of marriage, carrying out his grandfather's direction to make it loving. The youngster made a success of it at the first trial, and the lawyer dismissed him till he might have further use for him. Before closing the door behind him Ned asked:

"By the bye, Mr. Keenege, who is the girl whose photograph you showed me?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I would like to meet her."

"She is a client of mine who must be married or lose an estate she expects to inherit."

"That's interesting."

"She has no one in view, and I am looking for a husband for her."

"That's more interesting still."

"Would you like the position?"

"If she is as lovely as she looks."

"Well, you are a good boy. I'll think about it."

"Think hard, please."

Mr. Keenege turned to other matters, and Ned departed with a matrimonial bee buzzing about him. The stimulant in this case must be supplied by youth, in which romance is strongest. I desire to present a letter from your aunt to Mr. Brummager accepting a proposition from him"—

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"Well, you are a good boy. I'll think about it."

"Think hard, please."

Mr. Keenege turned to other matters, and Ned departed with a matrimonial bee buzzing about him. Within a few days he received a call from the lawyer to come to his office. There he was introduced under a false name to a young girl who had heard the counterpart of the story told him—a young man must have a wife or lose a fortune. The girl was Adele Hathaway, and the photograph shown her was that of Ned Brummager. After much persuasion Adele consented to a preliminary meeting with the young man in Mr. Keenege's office. Each recognized in the other the original of a photograph seen before. Each introduced them, the lawyer left them together for an hour. When he returned and saw that they had at least not been displeased with each other he said:

"I have a confession to make. You two are the heirs expectant, the one of the Brummager, the other of the Thistleton estate. I formed a plan of saving both properties by a marriage between Mr. Brummager and Mrs. Thistleton. But realizing the difficulties of getting two old people together I decided to make an attempt to unite the heir and the heiress. To accomplish even this required adroitness. To consummate my plan you two should be married, then confess to the grandsire and the aunt.

"Here I come in. I shall make an effort to get Mr. Brummager and Mrs. Thistleton to consent to the only method of saving both estates—to put them into a trust to be managed by one person, the whole to be turned over, share and share alike, to you two youngsters at the death of Mr. Brummager, Sr., and Mrs. Thistleton. Will you help me to help you both?"

The young man and woman's gaze was fixed on the speaker till he had finished; then the former turned his on the girl, while she dropped hers to the floor. The lawyer explained that they might take their time in the matter. He had done all he could; the rest remained with them, but owing to the legal situation the sooner they acted the better.

Ten days later Ned told his grandfather that he was married to Mrs. Thistleton's niece, and Adele told her aunt that she was the wife of Mr. Brummager's grandson. Mrs. Thistleton was greatly relieved that she did not need to be married herself. Mr. Brummager, Sr., was at first much miffed, but later well satisfied. Mr. Keenege succeeded in establishing his trust, he being appointed trustee. Eventually young Mr and Mrs. Brummager received a large patrimony, for Brummager senior lived but two years after the wedding of his grandson, and Mrs. Thistleton survived him only a short time.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Legends of the World Sprung From Primitive Man.

Sun and moon, thunder and lightning, flashing comet and racing storm evoked in primitive man the awe that bred the legends of the world.

The sun takes first place as the object of man's veneration; he alone promised life. The possibility of the sun's light being quenched filled the primitive mind with abject terror.

When the light failed as the dark disc of the moon slid over the face of the sun, the Scheels of Peru believed some monster of the skies was devouring the Son of the Morning. As the world darkened, in terror they fired clouds of arrows with flaming tips in defence of the assaulted sun.

To the Chileotin Indians an eclipse meant that the sun was faltering in his stride across the blue. He needed encouragement and human help. They therefore girded up their garments and marched in circles to stimulate him by example.

The Ojibways, like the Scheels of Peru, fired fire-tipped arrows at the sun. But they did so for other reasons: the sun's fires were going out; their arrows would relight them.

The ancient Greeks, having known the terror of a total eclipse, sought to assure light by seeing that the sun never lacked horses for the fiery chariot he drove across the skies. Once a year a chariot and four horses were presented to him for his use; the gift being consigned to the sea with ceremony. Sparta, Judah, and Persia had similar rite.

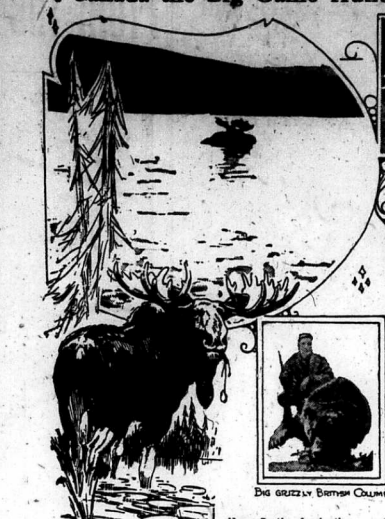
The practice of setting the sun a good example and dissuading him from hiding his face was a kindly rite in ancient Egypt. The king, as the sun's representative on earth, and himself a deity, daily walked the way of the sun round the temple. this, it was held, strengthening the sun to resist the impulse to eclipse.

The Kamtchatkans regarded an eclipse as a fight of the sun's anger. To propitiate him, they lit fires and invoked him to graciously restore his light.

All ancient people divined the sun's power as promoter of health and stimulator of growth, but those boons were not always regarded as free gifts. In ancient Mexico, for example, they rendered tribute of human hearts and the hearts of beasts, gifts that strengthened the sun to resist the temptation to put out his light.

All these efforts aimed to keep the sun to his task. But Sir James Frazer also relates how in a pass of the Peruvian Andes two pillars, with clamped iron hooks still stand where once men tried to catch the sun in a great net.

Canada the Big Game Hunters' Paradise



Canada is still the finest big game area in North America. Moose, deer and caribou abound in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia — the latter two offering mountain sheep, mountain goats and grizzly bears for good measure, but caribou may not be shot in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Early reports from veteran guides in all these provinces indicate that game will be more plentiful this year than for many seasons past.

Nova Scotia, fascinating country of Longfellow's Acadia, has in South Milford its most famous "jumping-off" place to the hunting districts bordering Lake Kedgemakoogs, and Lake Rossignol. These lake regions are the haunt of the finest specimens of moose, deer and black bear.

In New Brunswick, the hunter has thousands of square miles of big game country. From Plaster Rock, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, there is easy access to the wild life areas of the Tobique, Nepisiguit and Upsalquitch Rivers. Other noted game districts border the Miramichi, Keswick, Gaspereaux, Serpentine and Restigouche Rivers.

Quebec, with its 700,000 square miles, its enormous game resources and favorable water routes, is a most attractive prospect for the sportsman. Moose, deer and black bear abound in the Kipawa and Timiskaming districts, Upper Gatineau River, Lake Megantic, and the Laurentian Mountains, which Champion Gene Tunney visited last spring. Noted "going-in" places to this hunter's paradise are at Labelle, Nominingue, Lac Saguay and Mont Laurier. Similar attractions are found in the province of Ontario, whose 407,000 square miles are heavily wooded and plentifully stocked with wild life. Attractive regions here include Georgian Bay, French River, Metagama, Schreiber, Jackfish and Nipigon.

Alberta has a great plenty of mountain goats, mountain sheep, deer, moose, grizzlies, caribou and a variety of small game, all of which can be conveniently reached from such noted "jumping-off" places as Banff, Calgary, Edmonton and High River.

British Columbia Cariboo and Cassiar districts offer the very biggest of big game in the Canadian Rockies. From Ashcroft, B.C., the hunter enters the Cariboo Country where, with other big game, are found the great shaggy grizzlies whose very ferocity lures the ambitious and daring sportsman. From Field, Kamloops, Revelstoke and Sicamous great numbers of hunters go every season in quest of the giant game in which these regions abound.

OUTLIVE CIVILIZATIONS

HOW LONG MAY A PLANT OR ANIMAL LIVE?

Dragon Tree Lived Over 8,000 Years —Shortest Liver Organism Is Bacillus of Cholera—Elephants Live 200 Years and Parrots Over 80.

Barring death from accident or disease, how long may a plant or an animal live; and is size any criterion of longevity? These are questions that must have often suggested themselves to us, and in reply we are told that the Californian pines or the gum-trees of Australia are the largest and longest lived plants, and that the elephant is the largest and longest lived animal, writes Prof. J. Harvey-Gibson, in T. P.'s Weekly. But much smaller creatures are quoted as possible centenarians, and there is no lack of instances among ourselves where the years allotted to us by the Psalmist are exceeded by at least a score. Birds are, as a rule, short lived, and parrots are often credited with eighty to a hundred years.

So far as animals are concerned, it is obvious that we can estimate the duration of their lives only from such as have been born and bred in captivity, and even then the conditions of their existence must be markedly different from those obtaining in their native haunts. With plants growing wild matters are different, for they are fixtures, and so we can watch their growth from year to year and leave records behind us to be continued by those who succeed us. As regards the very simplest microscopic organisms it has been claimed for them that they are immortal.

Then it is said that once these microscopic organisms multiply by simple division, life with them is continuous; but knowing what we do of molecular and atomic structure, it is inconceivable that the segment is simply a rejuvenescent parent; individuality is lost although there be no actual death. Perhaps the shortest lived organism is the bacillus of cholera, for each microbe divides in twenty minutes, the parent germ disappears and is replaced by two new ones. At the other end of the scale in the plant world is the famous dragon tree of Teneriffe. When Humboldt saw it early in the nineteenth century it was forty-eight feet in circumference and its age was estimated at anything between 8,000 and 10,000 years, so that it must have been a fairly sturdy sapling long before the Pyramids were built. It was destroyed by a storm in 1851. There are three other giants in the plant world whose size and age are better authenticated—the "big trees" of California, the blue gums of Australia and the baobabs, of West Africa. The big tree is botanically known as Wellingtonia or Sequoia, after Sequovah, a famous chief of the Cherokees.

In its native home the baobabs grows to 350 or even 400 feet with a diameter of twenty-five to thirty feet, and may be 2,000 to 3,000 years old. By far the loftiest trees, however, are the blue gums of Australia, which are said to approach a height of nearly 500 feet. The baobab does not exceed a hundred feet in height, but its diameter often reaches thirty feet. Between these extremes of twenty minutes and 3,000 years the plant world shows us every possible degree of longevity, the annuals, biennials and perennials of the roadside, the oaks, beeches, chestnuts and elms, a hundred or more feet high, and ages reaching into hundreds of years, till we once more meet with veterans like the Jupiter Oak of Fontainebleau, which is believed to be 700 years old, the King Oak of Windsor, that is said to have sheltered William the Conqueror, and the Olives of Gethsemane, that are certainly over a 1,000 years old.

The animal world shows us no examples of Methuselahs such as these. Elephants have been kept in captivity for two hundred years and golden eagles for fifty, but animals of lower grade may possibly equal such spans, for a seal-monster kept in an aquarium in Edinburgh was known to be sixty-six years old at the time of its death in 1837. How long the giant saurians of the Mesozoic epoch lived we have no means of discovering but that they were immensely larger than any animal now living may be concluded from their fossil remains. Atlantosaurus of America—the country of great things—was nearly a hundred feet long, and diplodocus was over eighty. It has been said that length of life is a constitutional quality and is, in all probability, very variable, but nature seems to have determined that great size and great age are not ideals for the race and that "a short life and a gay one" is the best after all.

A Cricket Romance.

The recent death of Lord Darnley in his 68th year recalls a famous early cricket romance. It was in 1883 that Lord Darnley, then the Hon. Ivo Bligh, captained the English team to Australia. One day a tall Scotch Spofforth, "the demon bowler," hit Ivo Bligh on the hand, and cut it so badly that he had to walk off. A young girl in the enclosure proffered her handkerchief to bind up the wound. Her name was Miss Florence Morphy, whose home was at Beechwood, Victoria, and when the cricketer returned to England he brought her back with him as his bride. He also brought back an earthenware urn filled with "ashes," which was purchased and presented to him by some Melbourne women as a token of the victory of the English team. Ever since the urn has been kept by the Earl of Cobham as a souvenir.

ROMANCE OF YORK MINSTER.

Pagan King Fell In Love With Christian Princess.

York Minster, the 1,300th anniversary of which was celebrated recently, owes its conception to the passion of an early English king.

It was Edwin, the King of Northumbria, whose ardent love for a Christian princess caused him to erect the first minster.

Edwin was a pagan then, and Eadbald, King of Kent, refused to sanction a marriage between his sister Ethelburga and Edwin.

"It is unlawful," he said, "for a Christian maiden to wed a pagan."

But the northern king's attentions were not to be disposed of so easily. His love for the princess ruled his every action, and he resolved to become a Christian. However, this pagan monarch was sincere, and despite his impatience for an early marriage he wished to learn the meaning of "Christianity" before embracing the "new cult."

History tells us that they were married while Edwin was still a pagan. The king's action, in first seeking knowledge before pledging himself, impressed Eadbald and his sister, and it was this which overcame their scruples.

Bishop Paulinus, who held great sway at Eadbald's court, did not hide his disapproval of the match; but this prelate was a wise man, and instead of wasting time in idle words he set himself the task, with the aid of the new queen, of converting Edwin.

We know how far he was successful, for on Easter Day, 627, the King of Northumbria was baptized in a small wooden church called St. Peter the Apostle, and this was the first Minster of York.

This primitive structure was later enclosed in a stone building at Edwin's desire; but ere it was completed the unsuspecting convert was assassinated by Oswald, who became his successor.

A Norman cathedral, years after, marked the spot where the first minster was and the present great minster now is.

Non-Shooting Premiers.

It is long since Great Britain has had a Prime Minister for whom the August shooting on moor and hill meant much. Mr. Stanley Baldwin finds recreation in farming, and Mr. Bonar Law preferred chess to field sports. Mr. Lloyd George's sport is fishing. Lord Balfour did some stalking as a young man, but that is long ago. Lord Salisbury did not care for sport, nor does Lord Oxford. Disraeli had a fleeting passion for hunting as a young man. Gladstone loved long walks on the mountains better than any other Scottish amusement. Perhaps the last really keen shooting man among Prime Ministers was Lord Derby, and his tastes in that direction were fully shared by Palmerston.

Here and There

One year from date of publication in the Canada Gazette new regulations requiring the inspection and grading of fruit for exportation come into effect. They will require that all fresh fruit must be inspected and an export inspection certificate issued showing the grade before leaving the country.

A record was established at Quebec recently with nine passenger vessels arriving and landing passengers and mail, the largest number ever to visit the port at any one time. Included in the arrivals were the "Empress of Scotland," the "Montnairn," "Montclare," "Marloch" and "Melita" of the Canadian Pacific Steamships.

A new high record of $15,824,821 in gold production of the province of Ontario during the first half year is shown in the report just out, the increase over the similar period of last year being a quarter of a million. During the same half year the total production of all minerals in Ontario was $45,103,223, as against $42,584,402 for the same half year of 1926.

To serve the interests of hundreds of farmers in Southern Saskatchewan two new branch lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway started operation on September 1st, according to announcement by D. C. Coleman, Vice-President, C.P.R. The longer of the two lines run from Assiniboine south to Coronach, a distance of 50 miles, and the second, of 27-mile stretch, runs from Bromhead to Lake Alma.

The 100 members of the British Newspapers' Society left Canada thoroughly impressed with the opportunities Canada possesses. Their impressions are that Canada was already great and is potentially much greater, and they were amazed that so much could have been accomplished in Canada in such a short time by so few people. They sailed from Montreal on the Canadian Pacific Steamship "Montclare," the ship having a large passenger list.

After a strenuous six weeks' travelling across the Dominion of Canada, Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales and his brother George, embarked on the Canadian Pacific Flagship, the "Empress of Scotland," tired but happy. Prince Edward says, "Every time I come to your country I am more and more attracted by the wonderful natural scenery and the warmth of the welcome extended by Canadians, and trust that it will not be long before we meet again."

Approximately 1,000 members of the American Legion visited Montreal on their way to Quebec, where they will hold their 9th annual convention. The people came from Idaho, Buffalo, Wisconsin, Washington, Montana and North and South Dakota. Frank X. Schwab, mayor of Buffalo, gave the Legionnaires of that city a wild buffalo to be presented to the citizens of Paris. They crossed to Antwerp on the "Montnairn" and "Montroyal," both sisters in the Canadian Pacific service.

"A land of good wages and unlimited possibilities" is the way in which Premier Stanley Baldwin characterized Canada in his first public address in the British country after his return from the Dominion. Ninety-five per cent. of the men (of whom we hear too much) who go out to the Dominion and fail, owe their failures to themselves. I have no doubt that a man can succeed on the land there even if he has not been brought up in the country at home. A little training will go a long way."

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Harry Garrett spent the week-end in Kingston.

Miss Hazel O'Neil spent the week-end with friends at Bath.

Mr. Arnold Wilson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Cameron Wilson, left on Friday for Toronto, to attend Toronto University.

Miss Fraser, of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waller.

Mr. Malcolm Corkill is attending Queen's University at Kingston.

Messrs. "Jim" and "Bill" Carr have gone to Upper Canada College, Toronto, to resume their studies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith have returned from Long Island, after having spent some time visiting their son, Dr. Morley Smith.

Mr. Ronald Sexsmith has accepted a position in Hooper's Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Walters and family and Mr. E. J. Walters spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bird, of Marlbank, were visitors in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Keech have returned home after a two weeks' trip to points in the State of Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Pappas and family left on Sunday evening for Montreal.

Miss Hilda Doyle, Belleville Road, returned home on Thrusday after visiting friends in Gananoque.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred King and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick attended Tweed Fair on Friday.

Miss Tillie Waller, Kingston General Hospital, is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. T. Waller.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Cobourg, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster.

Miss Edna McKnight, nurse-in-training, Niagara Falls, returned on Saturday, having spent two weeks' holidays with her parents at Selby.

Miss Elsie Moore, Toronto, spent the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Moore, Belleville Road.

Miss Pearl Vanalstyne spent the week-end with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Annie Browning, Detroit, Mich., is the guest of her cousins, Mrs. Lester Gould, Centre street, and Mrs. Luke Young, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould, Mrs. Luke Young, Mrs. Annie Browning spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curle, Big Creek.

Miss Isabel Matthews returned home on Monday after spending two weeks at Consecon, Toronto and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. J. Pollard and Miss Pollard were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gilbert and family, of Hawley.

Mrs. Harrison of Smith's Falls, is the guest of her brother, Rev. S. Blanchard and family, Roblin.

Miss Nellie Walsh, Toronto, was called home on Wednesday, owing to the death of her father, Mr. William Walsh.

Harold Deline, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Deline, has become a resident of Kingston, where he will attend Queen's University.

Mr. Ralph Cowle has gone to Toronto, where he will be a student in Toronto University.

Mr. Reg. Wiseman left on Tuesday for Syracuse, where he has secured a good musical engagement.

Messrs. Ambrose Killorin and Harry Clancy who have been with the Wallace Drug Co. for the past four years, have gone to Toronto to take a course in the Pharmacy School.

Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Woodstock, was a visitor in Napanee on Thursday last.

Mr. E. R. Checkley, Montreal, attended the funeral of the late G. F. Ruttan.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers, Toronto, attended the funeral of the late G. F. Ruttan on Monday.

Mr. M. Ruttan, Montreal, is here attending the funeral of his brother, the late G. F. Ruttan.

Miss Elizabeth Hogal, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. N. Rockwell.

Mrs. H. Farley and daughter, of Watertown, N.Y., were guests last week of Mrs. M. O'Connor and Mrs. Gates.

Mrs. Harry Garrett was taken to the Kingston General Hospital on Wednesday last, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased to state she is progressing nicely.

Mr. Clarence Hudson, Deseronto Road, has returned to Oshawa to resume his duties at the Chevrolet Motor Works.

Miss Jennie Sharpe, daughter of Harvey Sharpe, of Violet, who has been attending the Kingston Business College, underwent an operation for appendicitis on Wednesday and is reported as doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. H. Kidd, of Enterprise, was in town on Saturday, on his way to Detroit and other western points.

Mr. Allan Walters, who has been spending a short time at the home of his parents on East street, has gone to Toronto to resume his studies at Toronto University.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Prentice, son and daughter, of Foxboro, motored down and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould, Centre street, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curle, Big Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gould, Centre street south, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark and family, Bethany, Mrs. Annie Browning, Detroit, Mrs. Geo. Vincent, Crookston, Mrs. Arthur Curle, Big Creek, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Richmond and family, Marlbank, and Mr. and Mrs. Luke Young, Mill street, spent Sunday at Beaver Lake.

MISS LETHA SCOTT, A.MUS.
PIANO
MISS DOROTHY SCOTT
A.C.O.M., VIOLIN

Pupils prepared for Conservatory and Collegiate Exams. in music.
Class open Sept. 19th for Fall term.

THE NEW FORD

Detroit, Sept. 18.—"Yes, I'm getting a thrill out of turning out the new car that recalls memories of building my very first car," Henry Ford declared as he pointed out features of the eagerly awaited new Ford, in one of which we were sitting, E. C. Forbes writes in The Chicago Herald and Examiner. "Only in those days I had to make everything and do everything myself. It's different, it's easier now.

"But," he added, "it's a big job, for we must do it right. We are not yet quite through experimenting. Some of the details have yet to be worked out. You know, it's one thing to make designs on paper and another to get them suitable for speedy and economical production on a very large scale.

"We didn't first fix a price and then set ourselves to building a car to come within that price. We are doing the job right, then we will take all costs into consideration and fix the price. That hasn't been done yet."

Mr. Ford's eyes lit up.

"But it's going to be not only up-to-date, but we are trying to make it better than up-to-date—a few years ahead of the times. The other day two of the experimental cars did 650 miles from early in the morning until before midnight. It has forty horsepower. This not only means plenty of speed, but means a quick get-away, a quick pick-up.

"Yes," he replied to my question, "it will be heavier than model T, but we will still keep it under a ton.

"In spite of all the improvements we are making, and using the very best material all the way through, we will not be forced to get out of our place—I mean that we will still build the lowest-priced car."

What is the new Ford like?

Well, it is totally unlike the old Ford. It is more like other small low-priced cars.

As far as I could learn, and judging from the experimental hand-made cars we rode in, the main facts about the new car are:

It has four cylinders.
It has four-wheel brakes.
It has forty horse power.
It has the regular standard gear shift—three speeds and reverse.
The gas tank is placed directly in front of the windshield.
The square hood has been displaced by a rounded one.
Apparently it is going to be equipped with shock absorbers.
The springs are entirely different and much stronger.
The wheel base (I understand) is 104 inches.
It has a self-starter.
Forged steel (not castings) is employed throughout.
The construction of the differential has been completely changed.
The dash board is equipped with a gasoline gauge, a speedometer, an ammeter, a lock and a clock.
There is an accelerator and, attached, a device for adjusting the carburetor.
Even Mr. Ford's long legs were not interfered with in the space by the dash board while sitting in the front seat, and there is also plenty of leg room for those in the back seat.

SILLSVILLE.

The rural school fair, under the able management of Mr. Laughland, Napanee, was held at Sillsville with a good crowd in attendance. The exhibits in the tent were good, and show a great interest on the part of the children. There were a good many entries in the stock and poultry exhibit. Three cups were given, the first prize being taken by Parma, which represented Confederation.

Rev. Mr. Plant and Mr. John Magee attending the meeting of the Presbytery in Belleville.

Miss Jean Magee, of Chicago, is spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Magee. She was accompanied by her brother, Everett, who has been visiting friends in London and Hamilton for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George McGuire have closed their summer home on The Bay and have returned to Toronto.

Mr. R. J. Magee and son, Douglas, have returned home from visiting Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

Master Donald Hough had the misfortune to fracture his elbow and is under the care of Dr. Willoughby, Napanee.

BIRTHS

Blanchard — At Roblin, on Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 1927, to Rev. and Mrs. Blanchard a daughter—Shirley.

MARRIAGES

Dolan—Teeple—At Denbigh, on Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1927, by Rev. P. A. Scott, Ph. B., at the new parsonage, Denbigh, Martha Jane Teeple, to Stanley Edward Earl Dolan, both of Griffith, Ont.

DEATHS

Davis— At Kingston General Hospital, on Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 1927, William Wallace Davis, in his 77th year.

Preston—At Napanee, on Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1927, David Hiram Preston, K.C., aged 86 years, 8 months, 27 days.

Ruttan—At Napanee, on Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1927, G. F. Ruttan, K.C.

White—At Dorland, on Sunday, Sept. 25th, 1927, Geo. W. White, aged 68 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of our dear brother, Arthur Frank Ohlman, who departed this life on September 27th, 1919.

Sisters and Brothers.

From the Pageant of the Autumn Mode

Our Autumn Openings
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
----This Week----

New Coats, New Dresses, New Hats, New Fabrics,

In georgeous Autumn Colors have arrived to play their part in your Autumn Wardrobe.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR NEW THINGS

New wearables that are really new—that embody these points of fashion which distinguish the truly smart from the imitation—Drapes, flares, the uneven hem line, crepe satins and velvets, tucks and the many whimsies of the new neck-lines—these are the features that you will find on the Coats and Dresses displayed this week. Every garment was personally selected by our buyers in the most authentic fashion houses of Canada.

It is a pageant of New Fashions that we are exceedingly eager and proud to show you.

It May Be

That you have found our store a pleasant shopping centre in the past. We have tried to make it so, but the handicaps of a small store in a small town are great, and we realize that we could not always offer you the values that were possible in larger cities. For this reason we have co-operated with twenty-one other department stores to buy in quantities that would open to us the better markets.

We know that our ability to serve you now is greater than it ever has been.

This is Fashion Week At Our Store

It is an ideal time for you to become acquainted with the new, smart fashions for every hour of the day or night.

Everyone is invited to be present on this important occasion.

1927 Fashions in Hosiery

For formal wear fashion insists on full-fashioned service weight silks—stressing color tones known as Mirage, Nude, Beige, Opal Mauve, Rifle and Gun-metal.

The out-of-doors Autumn sport women will choose a plated silk on wool stocking to provide the utmost in appearance and comfort—in shades of Muffin, Peach, Moonlight.

1927 Fashions in Coats

May of the cleverest Coats of the season are flared. Others cling to straight lines. All are lavishly fur-trimmed—Wolf, Fox, Mole, Opossum, Seal, Thibetine—cuffs and collars them.

A decidedly new note is the face framing collar of lighter fur.

Velvets, Broadcloths, Suede finished Woolens, Fur Fabrics and Tweeds are fabric-smart.

Linings, too, are exceedingly important, featuring Silk Crepes in plain or figured designs.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

According to a New York fashion expert, a flapper's dress need be her only care. Her accessories are full of chic, though they be simply tailored and inexpensive. But with the matron, No! Bags, gloves, scarfs, every detail, must be the very best in style and quality. Our new suggestions for Fall accessories show a pleasing combination of good taste and smartness.

1927 FASHIONS IN GOWNS

Simple effects achieved through a subdued intricacy of detail. Wee tucks and pleats, velvet encrustations on sheer fabrics.

Assymetrical lines. Fabrics that range from transparent velvets to lustrous satins and superb metal cloths from the looms of France.

1927 ART IN CORSETRY

To further protect the slender-line silhouette so all important and fashionable, designers have created a new combination with an inner belt attachment, that successfully achieves the desired result.

Step-ins have increased in popularity, girdles still maintain their place for women who still require a heavier corset service, while new models in Junior foundation garments provide for slight and youthful figures given to sports and dancing.

1927 FASHIONS IN SPORT ATTIRE

Here we find color and fabrics doing their utmost to lend chic to smart little sport frocks which steadfastly maintain that the straight, slim way is the way to smartness in sports apparel. The two-piece mode is important, with an ever increasing vogue for the one-piece dress.

1927 Fashion in Gloves

Show a marked preference for immaculately tailored, heavy weight duplex chamo-suede types for wearing with Autumn costumes of all descriptions.

Glove ornamentation is confined to magpie sewn seams and embroidered points.

Top and favorite shades are Butter, Dove and Natural.

1927 Fashions in Furs

The silhouette remains slim withall. With lavish workmanship in painstaking matching and contrasting of skins; in effective combinations of furs never before brought together in one wrap.

Hudson Seal, French Seal, Muskrat, Lamb, Caracul and Coon play fashionable roles.

1927 Fashions in Millinery

French designers have quite outdone themselves in demonstrating the versatility that may be given to the tiny hat. for each is a perfect expression of the mode. And this Fall the hat matches the season's coats in color, and that means it is mostly Black or Brown, or Blue or Green.

Felt and Velvet are favored millinery fabrics.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Some of the fall fairs are over and some are still to come. The fairs we have seen have shown us a great improvement in the artistic blending of colors. From the larger exhibitions at least, the grotesque patched quilt has disappeared and something more attractive has taken its place. Not that patched quilts are out of date, rather they have returned to the limelight and are being bought readily in the Eastern States, where house keepers who go in for the colonial style of furniture are giving good prices for braided rugs and patched quilts—but the quilts must have colors that blend. That is a subject that will be taken up in this column later when the days grow shorter and the evenings longer and the patching of quilts will be an interest to while away the winter evenings. At one fair a "Confederation Quilt was admired. This was embroidered in a design showing a lady in a full skirt, an old fashioned bonnet and all the accessories in vogue in 1927. The ground was pale pink and the whole effect charming. That quilt should be an heirloom for future generations to remember by it, the Confederation Jubilee year.

It is very desirable that a woman's residence should be included in the buildings of a university attended by women students, and Queen's University, Kingston, has a residence in Banrigh Hall, of which the university well may be pound. The name means "the hall of the queen," and seems appropriate in every way. It is the gift of the women graduates of the university and then it was thrown open recently to be admired by some noted men from every part of Canada, its beauty and comfort received many compliments. The great commons, or sitting room, is panelled in oak, its wide windows look out upon the campus and its deep chairs and chesterfields, drawn up before the big fireplace at one end of the room, are upholstered in tones of blue. The sun streams in through the windows and, in spite of its size, the commons is a comfortable, homelike room, and much enjoyed by the girl students of the university who live in residence.

That women are already standing side by side in the work of sending the gospel of Christ into all lands was shown at the recent meeting of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, held in connection with the meeting of the General Synod of that church in Kingston, Ont. On the day devoted to missions, five members of the Dominion Board of the Woman's Auxiliary, headed by the president, Mrs. Gilbert Ferrabee, Montreal, came to Kingston and were invited to seats on the floor of the Lower House. When the General Secretary, of the M.S.C.C. announced that the reserve and capital funds held by the Board of Missions were $956,054, Mrs. Donaldson, Toronto, the Dominion treasurer, rose quietly and said that she could tell him to add to that $200,000 that the W.A. had as a reserve fund. The contribution met with a storm of applause from the two hundred and fifty members of the General Synod who had come from coast to coast to decide matters in connection with the work of the Church of England in Canada.

In Toronto the women and the men too, are greatly interested in the antiques being sold at the historic Queen's hotel, now to be closed. The Queen's has many memories of old days, noted people of all lands have been guests at the old hostelry. Wonderful old glass and silver, pictures, valuable both for their beauty and for their associations, are being auctioned and a good deal of interest is shown in the bed, with its stately draperies, in which Princess Louise slept when she was a guest at the Queen' in 1879.

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind has trained men and women who for one cause have been deprived of the great, great blessing most of us enjoy, sight, and now many people, to whom the hours seemed endless, can not only while away the time, but can, if given a chance, earn a good living. The basketry they make is pretty and durable and can be bought either from the workers themselves or in the depots and stores in larger towns and cities. The Women's Institutes could do something for their country by getting in touch with the headquarters of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind in Toronto and asking if they can in an yway help to dispose of the work done by the blind. It is much better to help these men and women to help themselves than to give money to the cause, although the money is always needed.

The question is often asked, "Why won't my jelly jell?" Good housewives will tell you that your fruit was too ripe, but now comes along science and says that the reason ripe fruit is not good is because it has lost some of the necessary qualities, pectin and acid. The best fruits for jelly, because they contain these two ingredients, are apples, plums, grapes, currants and barberries, these ornamental berries, that not everyone knows make delicious jelly with the same recipe as currant jelly.

WILTON.

Mrs. R. Metzler and Mrs. K. McLennan, Toronto, are visiting Mrs. Robert Asselstine.

Mr. Rufus Ovens, Kingston, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Babcock motored to Campbellford on Sunday last to spend the week-end.

Mrs. J. Cliff, the Misses Cliff, Miss Letta Berry and the Misses Mouldy, of Kingston, were guests of Miss Dorothy Neilson one day last week.

Mrs. Hannah Stover is spending a few days with Mrs. E. I. Babcock, Morven.

All are glad to see Mr. Earl Cole home once more from the hospital.

The W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. George Emberley on Wednesday. A large crowd was present.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
The Great English Preparation.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes rich Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box; 2 for $3. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.
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